NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

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Our Nazi secret

For 40 years Britain has been hiding away Nazi war criminals and their collaborators. Both Labour and Tory governments have lied and lied again about this vile secret. Why have they been allowed to get away with it?

Divine madness: Brent's road to hell

Patrick Wright: the great telecoms style war

Picturing men's bodies

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To avoid overfishing of the local waters, fishermen in Barbados occasionally spend a day ashore.

"In the warm Caribbean waters around Barbados we catch plenty of fresh Flying Fish, Red Snapper, Barracuda and Marlin.

But this is purely because we take time-off to let them breed in the underwater caves on the coral reef.

Which, in turn, gives us a chance to open a bottle of golden Cockspur Rum.

Mixed with coke, or just taken as it comes, it makes losing a day's fishing seem just about bearable.

As the afternoon wears on, our thoughts turn to the ones that got away and to what the future has in store for them.

And, more often than not, we decide to give the fish the whole of the next day off too!"

Frankie Spence, Silver Sands, Christ Church, Barbados.

If you like drinking you may like the taste of smooth Cockspur Rum.

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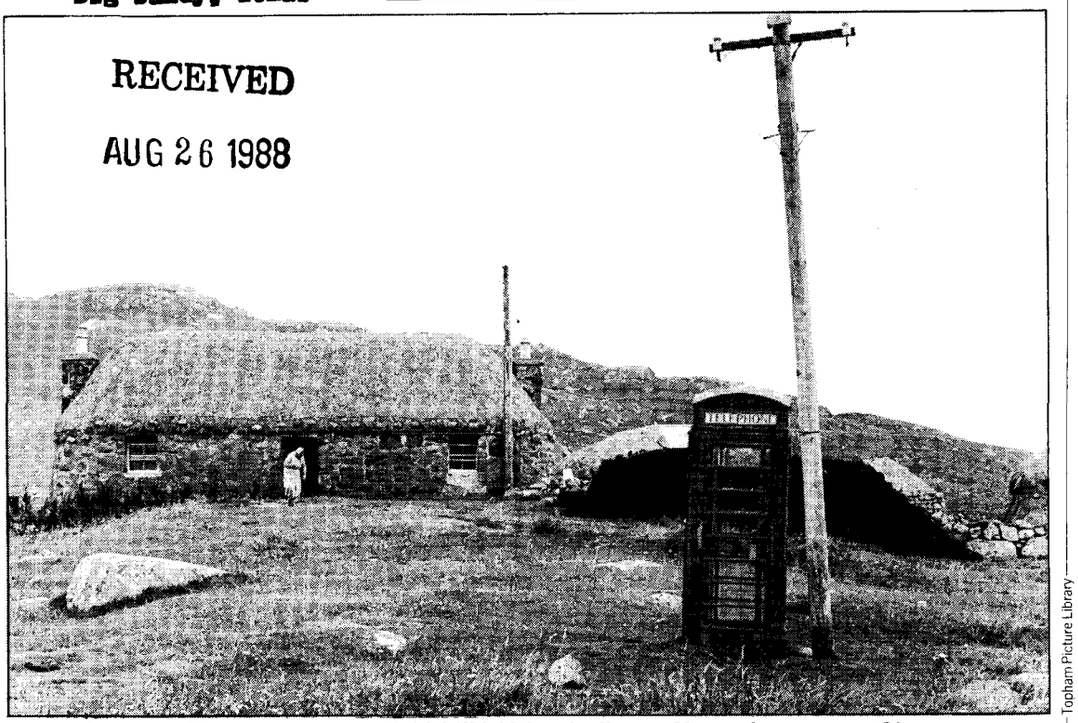

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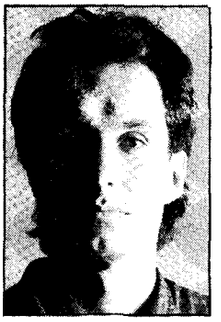
DIARY



Sean French

In his own dictionary, Dr Johnson notoriously defined a lexicographer as "a maker of dictionaries, a harmless drudge". A drudge possibly but in the contentious modern world certainly not harmless. Grabbing the nearest dictionary to my desk, *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate*, I see it includes Israel but not Palestine, Jew the noun but not jew the verb. The *Penguin Reference Dictionary*, by contrast, bites the bullet and not only includes the verb "to jew" ("to get the better of financially, esp by hard bargaining; derog") but also as its third sense of "Jew", "somebody given to hard financial bargaining—derog". In my view it is arguable that the inclusion of such definitions is right, but I think that it should be made clear not just that the words are derogatory but also that they are offensive and unacceptable.

It would be difficult to compile any English dictionary without treading on a few toes. By comparison, compiling a dictionary of South African English is like pogoing through a minefield.

Oxford University Press has just issued the third edition of *A Dictionary of South African English*, compiled by Jean Branford. The book is copyrighted "Oxford University Press Southern Africa" and it was typeset and printed in the Cape. The book is dedicated to Robert Burchfield, who was the editor of the superb *Supplement* to the *Oxford English Dictionary* (the guide to new words and usages, designed to bring the old *OED* up to date), the last volume of which appeared a year or two ago.

In Burchfield's new Supplement, Definition III f. of the word "pass" is given as follows: "In South Africa and (formerly in) Rhodesia, a document issued to non-white residents (now usu. one which it is obligatory for them to carry), authorizing and regulating their movement and residence in particular areas."

The final illustrative quotation accompanying the definition is from the *Times* of 5 November 1977: "The tribal homelands are henceforth to issue travel documents to their nationals, a more dignified card of identity. But these, even if upgraded to passport status upon independence, will serve the police and the Ministry of Bantu Affairs as well as the passes. Possession of one will be needed to apply for a job in white South Africa."

In the *Dictionary of South African English* it is defined as "now abolished [which has occurred since the relevant volume of the Supplement was published], an identity document formerly carried by all Africans with details of employment and other personal data". Nothing about regulating movement or its compulsory nature here. And the most recent quotation (from the 15 October 1973 *Time* magazine) is decidedly positive: "Nowadays an offender is less likely to be automatically jailed for a pass-law transgression or other minor infraction—partly because of the work of a string of government 'aid centres' that have been established to help blacks cope with the law." It's odd to use a quotation saying "less likely to be automatically jailed" when the definition itself has not hinted that it was compulsory to carry it.

And you don't need to be a card-carrying member of the ANC to find the definition of Sharpeville erring on the side of vagueness: "Place name: the scene of a demonstration in 1960 at which there were a number of fatal casualties: still commemorated". Well, three is a number and a thousand is a number. It might have been useful if Branford had told us what number. It might also have been relevant to point out who the "fatal casualties" were and that they were shot.

I feel a certain sympathy with Jean Branford. She is just a philologist who wants to avoid trouble and she certainly will meet no government disagreement with her definition of that troublesome phrase, Operational Area: "Official designation of any sector in which S. Afr. forces are serving: in everyday parlance referred to as 'The Border'". This definition is in itself rather questionable since South African forces serve with great prominence in areas that could not be described as 'The Border' in any parlance at all. However, I was more taken with her gung-ho illustrative quotation, which comes from the January 1979 edition of *Paratus*: "The South African soldier acquits himself exceptionally well in the Operational Area. He need not stand back for any other soldier in the world."

The original complete *Oxford English Dictionary*, one of the great monuments of our language, contains quotations from dangerous radicals like Thomas Paine, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Williams Blake, Cobbett, Godwin and Morris. Dr Branford says in a foreword that she has "had access to what must surely be a uniquely varied body of source material. From this have been chosen for their utility, validity, or pure pleasure, the quotations which are the spirit of this text." She should also have added that they have also been chosen for their legality.

There are no quotations from such notable South African polemicists as Steve Biko, Nelson Mandela and Donald Woods (unless they have been smuggled in anonymously). There is a good reason for this, of course, which is the reason that the prints of Richard Attenborough's movie *Cry Freedom* were seized in South Africa last week. The film had been passed by the censor but it broke the law anyway because its leading character, Donald Woods, is "banned" and may not be quoted.

As George Orwell argued, language and politics are inextricable. Meanwhile this book should be issued with a warning: "This dictionary has been compiled under South Africa's emergency regulations."

And a short postscript. The cover of last week's *Times Literary Supplement* announced an article on "Desmond Tutu, Allan Boesak—the case against". I turned to the article with great interest. The debate about South Africa in Britain is woefully crude, usually restricted to the question of sanctions or no sanctions—and in this respect Neil Kinnock is more to blame than Mrs Thatcher.

However, the article, by Richard John Neuhaus, did not present the case against Tutu or Boesak or any case. It was a straightforward smear-job. Neuhaus denounced Tutu's personal ambition and listed a series of the bishop's more inflammatory statements, without any qualification or context. Neuhaus may believe that Tutu's opposition in word and deed to violence is hypocritical or cosmetic; but he must mention them and then say so.

The *TLS* has printed interestingly provocative articles on this subject in the past—Simon Jenkins on the case against sanctions, for example. But Neuhaus's article was ludicrous, as was the paper's front-page signalling of it—and for reasons of intellectual, not political, integrity.

ROGER WODDIS

The heart of things

"The creation of wealth to me is at the heart of things."—Mrs Thatcher
"I am not prepared to discuss my personal affairs."—Sir Robert Crichton-Brown, outgoing chairman of Rothmans International, on his retirement gift of £750,000

God created heaven and earth
And all that in them dwell,
The April showers, the scent of flowers,
The skunks that have a smell.

How well he made, if not a land
That flows with milk and honey,
The musteline whose anal gland
Discharges folding money.

Sir Robert, who would not discuss
His personal affairs,
Will go for gold and thus uphold
The sanctity of shares.

Retirement gifts that trickle down
Increase the widow's mite;
O let us curse the greedy nurse,
And bless the needy knight!

How strange that God who's in control
And clearly pulls the strings,
Should lose the knack when fuck-you-Jack
Is at the heart of things.

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Prospects of Europe

Mrs Thatcher is both pro-European and anti-European. As ever, there is an alternative way forward

Peter Schrank

Europe is draped in the verbiage of "challenge". Since the 1960s, editorials on "the challenge of Europe" must number in the thousands; speeches have evoked "the challenge of Europe" in the tens of thousands. It means three things: first, that great opportunities are opening up; second, that these are accompanied by many dangers, such as losing out on the aforesaid opportunities; third, that no-one, least of all the leader-writer or speaker, has much idea of what all this adds up to.

The *New Statesman and Society* really does believe in the challenge of Europe. By this we mean exactly: that Europe is a wonderful opportunity for the left in Britain. It is one that is full of dangers—the most grave of which is that we might lose the opening it offers (for without it the British left is probably finished). As to what the opportunities really are, we openly admit that we have only the faintest idea.

The prospect of Europe *is* intangible. Vagueness may be a sign of lazy rhetoric. It should not, however, be confused with intangibility. The prospect of Europe is uncertain because it is central to a rapidly changing political, cultural and economic identity. It is not merely "about" a place Britain might have *in the world*, as if we already have a firmly located nation state at home. Relations with the Common Market are not a matter of foreign policy. The very foundations and character of British society are at stake.

To argue about national identity is necessarily to debate the future. And Europe is the terrain of the future. To refuse it is to cling to the theme park of the past.

There should be no illusions about the importance of this question. Intangible challenge it may be, but Europe is the most central issue that faces this country. World peace or the crucifixion of third world societies through debt and famine may be more important as such, but there is little this country can do about either. When it comes to questions of ecology, of jobs, of culture, even of global strategy, the European answers are the ones that matter. If we want more popular sovereignty, we also need more effective central power, not least to create employment and protect the environment. If European levels of nursery care were mandatory, for example, the lot of working mothers would be improved enormously in Britain. Even at the domestic level we should think European.

As with so many other things, the attitude of the labour movement towards Europe is profoundly ambivalent. Thus it was Roy Jenkins who responded most clearly to the Prime Minister's intervention on the *Jimmy Young Show*. That was a classic piece of Thatcher theatre. Labour's frustration is understandable. She has caught them flat-footed. All politics is about trying to have things both ways. Thatcher wins on this issue because she is both more pro-European *and* more anti-European than Labour.

The Prime Minister backs the free movement of capital and goods throughout Europe. She made this point insistently to Jimmy Young. She wants Europe free from all restrictions, including any awkward regulations from Brussels. Her aim is to exploit the local advantage of an English-speaking environment to attract Asian and American capital that wants entry into the EC. Thus she gives the go-ahead for the Channel Tunnel, which Labour would never have done. The Tunnel has become yet another of those facts about which Labour tries to be dutiful and "realistic" without being able to hide its distaste. In fact, Labour should welcome its construction and insist that the new tracks for its high speed trains be laid not just to the City but to the north: the line from Manchester to Frankfurt taking priority over that from London to Paris.

But in addition to being more European than Labour economically, Thatcher is also more hostile to Europe politically. The idea of a European unity is "airy-fairy", she told Jimmy Young. A choice phrase. Every football hooligan's blood ran faster as the leader told him, in her delightful code, that those who want to join hands with the continent are poofs. She also discreetly invoked the need to maintain immigration controls.

Labour being responsible in all things is thus outflanked by the government on both flanks. Instead, it is essential to be wholeheartedly for Europe and (as the SLD does) to welcome a large degree of supernationalised government. The developing EC is not inherently progressive (and it's not at all democratic). Perhaps the key danger is race. Le Pen has shown that "European" can be used to mean "white" and he has good imperial precedents to draw upon. But such dangers can only be countered by an alternative, forward policy for an integrated Europe.

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Steve McTaggart

Yugoslav demonstrators protest against the secret trials of three journalists and an army officer outside a military court in Ljubjana

Ex-Yugoslav chief warns of Chinese revolution

Last week a military court in Ljubjana, capital of the Yugoslavian republic of Slovenia, sentenced three journalists and an army officer to varying terms of imprisonment for secrets offences (see *NSS* 24 June).

As the four left the court, free men pending their appeals, they were given a heroes' welcome by a crowd of around 5,000 Slovenians some of whom had held a vigil outside the courthouse throughout the ten day trial.

Sergeant Major Ivan Borstner was convicted of having passed a document detailing secret military police plans to curb civil disorder to a journalist on the official Slovenian youth magazine *Mladina* David Tasic. The document was never published by the magazine which resembles a cross between *Private Eye* and the *New Musical Express*. The weekly magazine claims a circulation of more than 75,000 in the most liberal of Yugoslavia's six republics, Slovenia, where the total population is two million.

The climate of public protest is spreading. Last weekend the central committee of the Yugoslav Communist party was forced to hold its plenary session away from the parliament building in central Belgrade because of the threat of riots. An ad hoc committee based in the capital of the Serbian province of Kosovo had threatened to organise a 50,000-strong demonstration of Serbs to lobby the meeting over constitutional amendments it was considering which would subject Kosovo and another semi-autonomous province, Vojovodina, to direct Serbian rule.

Kosovian Serbs want the amendments to go through because at present they are ruled by the ethnic Albanian majority in Kosovo, scene of bloody riots involving two factions in 1981 and where trouble and violence have since smouldered.

In the event, the central committee plenum, which lasted a marathon 21 hours, finished inconclusively and the press has since reported that the Serbs are angry and disappointed. They are believed to be considering fulfilling their threat to mount huge demonstrations in Belgrade in the next few weeks.

The Serbian Communist party, which is out of step with the federal party on the issue, has given the Serbs its backing. At the plenum Serbian party chief Slobodan Milosevic said that their street protests were fully justified until such time as the streets became safe. And, also at the plenum, in an indication of the extent to which Yugoslavia is felt to be becoming politically unstable, former federal party leader, Vidojezarkovic, likened the situation to China in the run up to the Cultural Revolution.

In the wake of the plenum, Politburo members did their best to distract from the meeting's failure to achieve results. Speaking at a press conference, Mr Franc Setnic, government information chief, denounced Rumanian treatment of the Serbian minority living within its borders. But Kosovian Serbs are unlikely to be pacified and the next six months could see Yugoslavia slide closer to the brink of wholescale upheaval.

Last Friday it was announced that inflation had officially risen 189 per cent. That may finally push factory workers, returning from their month-long summer breaks over the next few weeks, onto the streets. *Steve Briggs*

No checks on Tory ads

If government spending on advertising were an index for inflation, Nigel Lawson would be in bigger trouble than he already is. Figures in last week's Treasury and Civil Service select committee report reveal an increase of more than 100 per cent in one year, from £65 million in 1985/6 to £150 million for 1986/7.

Concern over government advertising is not limited to its volume however. Labour members of the committee believe government departments are timing their publications to gain the greatest political advantage, in some cases overstepping the principle that material should simply answer queries from the public. A leaflet on local government finance *Paying for local government* drew criticism because it was published *before* the poll tax white paper for England and Wales and because it stated boldly that there was a "need for change" in local fincancing.

Joyce Quin, MP for Gateshead East and a Labour member of the committee, says existing checks on government advertising are being ignored. Traditionally public information is the job of the Central Office of Information which prides itself on its neutral and informative approach. But, she says, the COI's role has been steadily undermined in recent years both as the channel for government publicity and as arbiter of propriety in advertising and guardian of the "Widdecombe conventions" which govern standards.

The conventions (that pre-date the recent Widdecombe report) state that the tone, content and presentation of government advertising should not be "party-political" and in general should be issued in response to enquiries from the public. The cost should be "justifiable".

But the COI has no power to insist that a government department change its publicity material if it feels the conventions have been flouted. Ms Quin said: "It was the Department of the Enviroment, therefore, that had the last word on whether the *Paying for Local Government* leaflet was acceptable or not; judge and jury, in fact." *Isabel O'Keeffe*

Pretoria envoy denounced

In an extraordinarily detailed attack on the role of the West German ambassador in South Africa, the magazine *Der Spiegel* has revealed that the British ambassador to Pretoria, Robin Renwick, has come to his German colleague's defence in major wrangles among European governments and diplomats on what line to take on apartheid.

In the latest *Der Spiegel* (25 July),

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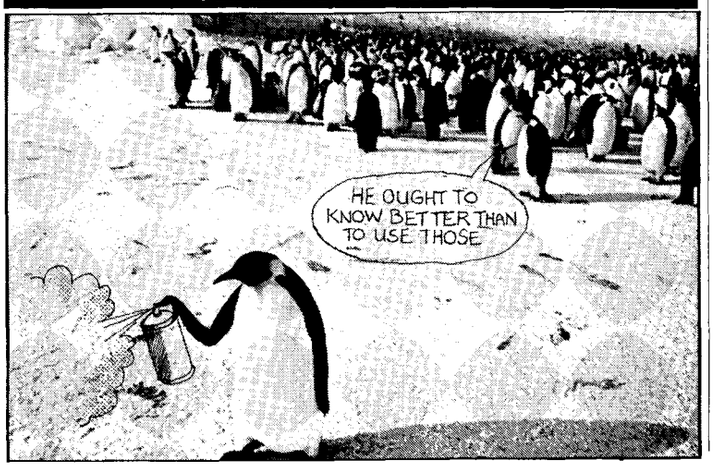

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a massive leak of secret dispatches sent back to the West German foreign ministry portrays the country's ambassador at war with his number two, seeking every reason to excuse the policies of the apartheid regime and urging the Bonn government not to take any initiatives against Pretoria. In the ambassador's view, reports *Spiegel*, the ANC is simply a terrorist organisation and a free vote by all South Africans would lead to a communist takeover or chaos.

This is in stark contrast to the official West German line which calls for one person, one vote, and Nelson Mandela's release.

The ambassador's deputy and many of the other embassy staff are opposed to his anti-ANC line but, reports *Spiegel*, he has one close ally—his British opposite number, Robin Renwick.

Renwick was appointed as a high-flyer to the key South African post last year. Despite the reputation he earned through brilliant diplomatic manoeuvering during the talks that gave birth to Zimbabwe, there is no evidence that he is doing other than supporting Mrs Thatcher's line of adamant opposition to any effective action against apartheid.

At various Mandela birthday parties organised in different parts of South Africa, European, American and Canadian diplomats were invited to provide some protection against too brutal interventions by the police. The British were noticeable by their absence and Mrs Thatcher was the only European leader not to send birthday greetings to Mandela.

Renwick has taken some initiatives, such as sending an occasional observer to the treason trial of Moses Mayekiso, general secretary of the second biggest union in the country, the metal workers', but generally the British embassy is seen as being isolated because of Mrs Thatcher's contempt for anti-apartheid politics.

In the 1970s the newly-born independent black trade unions in South Africa were given a great deal of help by two British diplomats, both since retired. Black unions now look to other European embassies for such help even though British companies are the largest overseas employer of black labour in South Africa.

In contrast, the new American ambassador, although a Reagan appointee, has won some praise since he took up the job last year. He refuses to talk to journalists or let them attend the meetings he goes to with the majority population. In addition, he is black which gains him an *entrée* to circles denied other diplomats no matter what their liberal credentials.

To be sure, Reagan's move in appointing a black ambassador was a cynical, and ultimately unsuccessful move to head off the Congress sanction's programme but how many years before a black British diplomat is appointed to that or any other high-profile post? *Denis MacShane*

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

●Opponents of nuclear power have concealed powerful evidence that radiation in small doses may actually help people live longer, writes John Fremlin, formerly professor of applied radioactivity at Birmingham University.

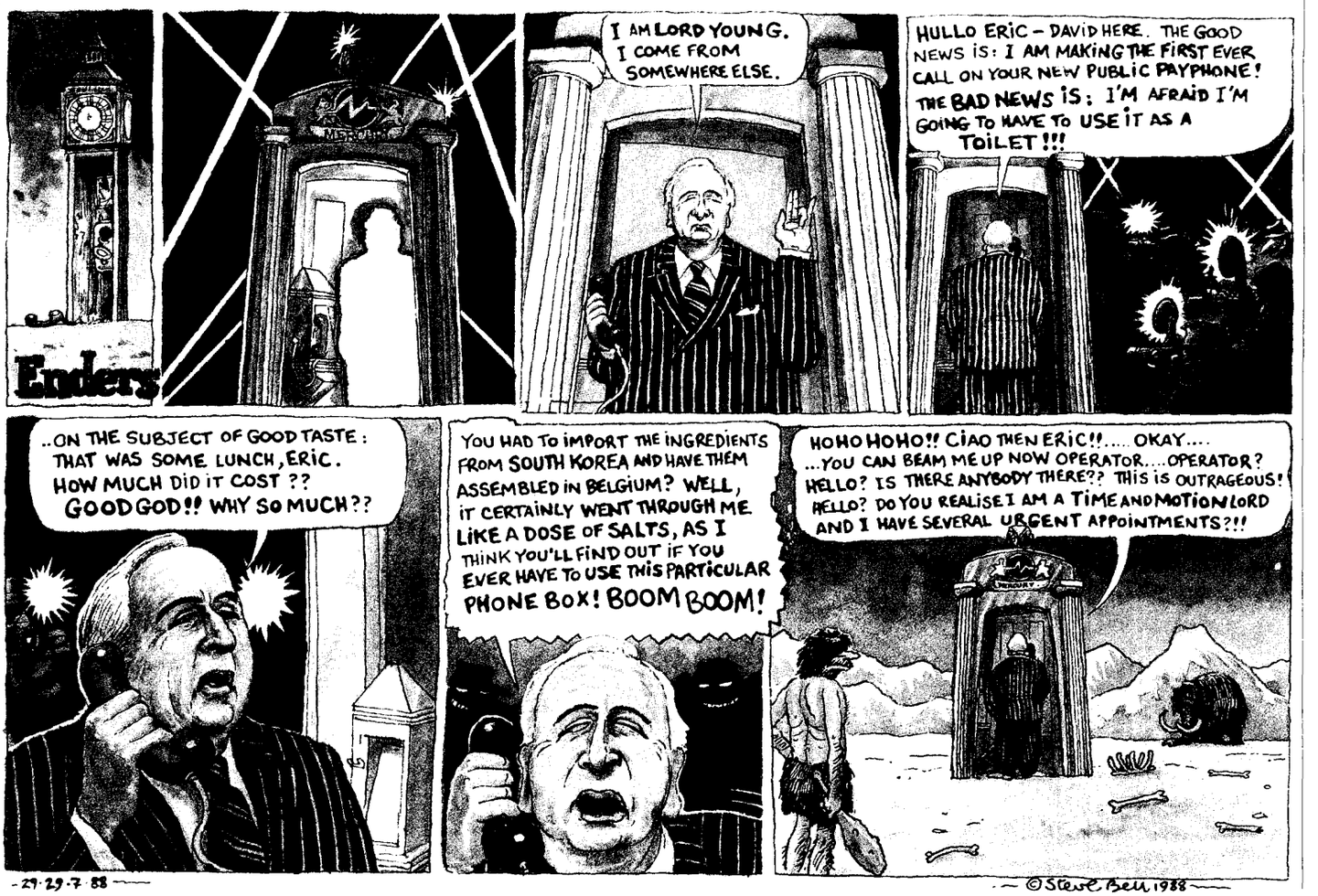
Detailed evidence from Hiroshima and Nagasaki...shows that below 25 rems there were actually thirteen *fewer* deaths than the 2,185 that would have been expected among the same number of people who had not been irradiated at all.—*British Nuclear Forum Bulletin* (L Casement)

●Managing director of Walden Associates, Mrs Wendy Walden, said: "Many wives are not invited to accompany their husbands to social events because they are out of touch."

Clients accepted on her programme are introduced to the atmosphere of the 1980s business world and current affairs and are prescribed recommended reading. Questions on various aspects of entertaining are answered and advice given on what to wear at the year's society occasions.

"It might be she, who during dinner conversation, discovers the likes and dislikes of an important client, or who recognises when to change the subject," said Mrs Walden. They will also be primed with information on the latest bestseller or play to help them with small talk.—*Southern Evening Echo* (S Jessup)

●Duracell is closing one of its two battery making plants in Crawley, West Sussex with the loss of more than 350 jobs. Management said it was shutting the plant because the watch batteries made there were lasting too long.—*Guardian* (I Stirling)


Enders
I AM LORD YOUNG. I COME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE.
HULLO ERIC – DAVID HERE. THE GOOD NEWS IS: I AM MAKING THE FIRST EVER CALL ON YOUR NEW PUBLIC PAYPHONE! THE BAD NEWS IS: I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO USE IT AS A TOILET!!!
..ON THE SUBJECT OF GOOD TASTE: THAT WAS SOME LUNCH, ERIC. HOW MUCH DID IT COST ?? GOOD GOD!! WHY SO MUCH??
YOU HAD TO IMPORT THE INGREDIENTS FROM SOUTH KOREA AND HAVE THEM ASSEMBLED IN BELGIUM? WELL, IT CERTAINLY WENT THROUGH ME LIKE A DOSE OF SALTS, AS I THINK YOU'LL FIND OUT IF YOU EVER HAVE TO USE THIS PARTICULAR PHONE BOX! BOOM BOOM!
HOHOHOHO!! CIAO THEN ERIC!!..... OKAY.... ...YOU CAN BEAM ME UP NOW OPERATOR....OPERATOR? HELLO? IS THERE ANYBODY THERE?? THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! HELLO? DO YOU REALISE I AM A TIME AND MOTION LORD AND I HAVE SEVERAL URGENT APPOINTMENTS?!!
-29·29·7·88
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A cupboard full of Nazis

Britain has a dirty and shameful secret. Successive Labour and Tory governments have been harbouring known Nazi war criminals — and lying to us about it for 40 years. Ed Harriman reports on the butchers and sadists who were welcomed with open arms by the intelligence community simply because they were anti-Soviet

Institute of Contemporary History and Wiener Library

Local civilians participate in massacre at Kaunas in Lithuania

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The Home Office files are suddenly crawling with undesirables. In just five months Sir Thomas Hetherington, the former Director of Public Prosecutions, has uncovered some 250 possible cases of war criminals living in Britain.

This is astonishing. There weren't supposed to be any war criminals in Britain, not even suspects. Ever since the second world war, successive Labour and Conservative governments have scoffed at suggestions that Britain harboured Nazi murderers and their east European collaborators as bad dreams or dismissed them as Soviet-inspired propaganda.

It has been a lie, and a big one. Yet the bigger the historical lie, the more often it works.

The Foreign Office and MI6 (effectively, its secret operations arm) have done passably well over the past 40 years, keeping this unsavoury side of the cold war quiet. The first to champion this dubious cause was Hector McNeil, the Labour government's man at the United Nations.

At the UN General Assembly's second session in 1947, Soviet, Byelorussian, Ukrainian and Yugoslav delegates taxed McNeil to explain why Britain was sheltering war criminals in displaced persons' camps in Germany. McNeil stood his groud. "If an Allied Government desires the arrest of any person as a suspected war criminal, the British authorities ... will hand him over as soon as they are satisfied that the *prima facie* case of his identity and of his guilt has been established."

The eastern bloc delegates then named names, of men against whom there was, even in 1947, mountains of evidence. "In the town of Hoxter in the UK zone of occupation lives the butcher of the Byelorussian people, the President of the so-called Byelorussian Central Council set up by the Germans... Rodoslav Ostroski," charged a Soviet delegate. Alexander Dallin, the Stanford professor and author of the definitive acount of Nazi occupation of east Europe, described Ostroski as the Nazi-groomed local "Fuhrer" who press-ganged 60 battalions of his countrymen into fighting, and killing, for the Nazi cause. The liquidation of Jews in Byelorussia (or White Russia as it is commonly known) was by then well known. Yet McNeil was unmoved.

Throughout the late 1940s and 1950s, when the Soviet press accused the British government of harbouring war criminals, it was counter claimed, not without reason, that suspects in Soviet hands stood no chance of fair trial. Usually the Foreign Office just refused to comment.

In 1961, Soviet authorities charged three Estonians with organising the mass murder of some 120,000 Jews, prisoners of war and other "untermenschen" (literally, subhumans, as the Nazis called them) in Estonia. Two pleaded guilty and were shot. The third, Ain Mere, was then living in Leicester. The Soviets said Mere was the Estonian police boss under the Nazis who personally ordered prisoners to be exterminated in the Jagala concentration camp, and joined the local SS. The Soviet request for his extradition was refused.

"My record was checked by security officials when I came to England over 10 years ago," Mere told the *Times*. The Foreign Office reply was to inform the Soviet government that Britain did not recognise Estonia as part of the Soviet Union.

According to US Justice Department evidence, Mere was chief of Estonian political police, collaborating with Einsatzgruppen (mobile SS killing squads) during the Nazi occupation. These squads relied heavily on police units, drawn from the local populations, to liquidate Jews and communists in the rear, so that German troops were free to fight on the Eastern front. But Mere never faced these charges and died of heart failure in Leicester in 1969.

In 1970 the scenario was re-played with a different actor. This time Soviet authorities wanted to try George Chapell, who was then running a boarding house in Bournemouth. Chapell said, "The allegations the Russians made against me are rubbish. My past is in black and white in the Home Office records—they all know about me. I came here in 1947."

Prosecutions of war criminals quickly became an embarrassment to HMG. They impeded the cold war

The Soviets alleged that Chapell (a Georgian whose previous name was Yuri Yepifanovitch Chapodze) was a squad commander in a so-called Caucasian Company, part of the "Vaslov Army" of Soviet PoWs who fought for the Nazis. The Soviets alleged that Chapell personally took part in the mass murder of about 5,000 Jews in the Ukraine in 1943. Chapell says he had been captured by the Nazis early in the war and remained a prisoner.

After the war Chapell ended up in Italy. Along with about 8,000 Ukrainians and 1,000 Balts who had fought for the Nazis, then held in a British displaced persons' camp in Rimini, he was allowed into Britain. The *Guardian*'s diplomatic correspondent reported in 1970, "In the case of Mr Chapell, the British government is not prepared to conduct any investigation. Former Soviet citizens who have settled in this country were carefully screened on arrival, and the British authorities always carried out exhaustive inquiries to ensure they deserved political asylum."

The problem, of course, is that among the displaced people held in the British camp in Rimini, there were many who had participated in the mass murder of Soviet partisans and Jews while supposedly fighting for the Nazis on the Eastern front. Last summer journalist Tom Bower, having finally got access to the Public Records, put paid to the lie that these men were guiltless, and that the Foreign Office authorities were ignorant of their crimes.

"It is clear that these Ukrainians are in no way to be regarded as innocent political dissidents," reported a Foreign Office official involved at the time. Yet they were officially described as "political refugees", and evidence was suppressed that several of the Balts were SS officers.

After 40 years, who cares about these men? And indeed, who cares about the 250 possible war criminals allowed into Britain and now on Hetherington's list? Apparently, many have already died or are no longer living in Britain, the remaining 110 or so are elderly. Whatever they did it happened a long time ago, in the midst of a war that pitted the twin curses of Hitler's storm troopers against Stalin's henchmen. Or so the argument runs.

Jews and Soviet families whose relatives were butchered naturally care, as do many British veterans with vivid memories of the war, and men such as General Gerald Draper, who served as a prosecutor on the UN War Crimes Commission.

Not least, the Foreign Office cares—a good deal. If the government is going to be honest about how Britain recruited and covered for war criminals, then a larger than usual basket of cynicism has to be publicly laundered. The Secret Intelligence Service (SIS, or MI6 as it's now called) and its chief, Churchill's confidant, the feigning aristocrat Sir Stewart Menzies, played a crucial, demeaning role.

In 1945 the Joint Intelligence Committee declared that the Soviet Union, not Nazi Germany, was Britain's primary intelligence target. The spy war against the Nazis was over. From then on, information about the Soviet Union's ability to wage war, or more accurately, the extent of its massive war damage, were the bread and butter of intelligence officers. More important was information about suspected communist rings in western Europe.

In the perverse logic of the spying world, there were few better sources for this than the Gestapo, which had devoted enormous resources and considerable vigour to liquidating communist suspects. The United States government now admits that Gestapo agents and their files were avidly sought by American intelligence. In 1983 the US Justice Department published a hefty report spelling out exactly how the Americans recruited one such agent—Klaus Barbie—and then gave him a free ride to South America.

The appendix of the US report explains that before the Americans bagged him, Barbie was being recruited, in 1945, by a pair of ex-Nazis working as agents for Britain's SIS, a Dr Hoffmann and his superior, a man named Markus. Markus had been an *aide-de-camp* to SS Intelligence General Walter Schellenberg, who set up a network of spies and saboteurs among the Soviet collaborators. Called V-Men, their task was to stay behind in the Soviet liberated territories as the Germans retreated on the Eastern front. Barbie had been particularly keen on wiping out communist cells in the French and Dutch resistance. SIS's interest in these men is obvious. Shortly after the war Markus became the mayor of a small town in the British zone in Germany and, according to US documents, "was given the task of forming for the British a network of agents in Germany". To date the British government has steadfastly refused to

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comment.

Prosecutions of war criminals quickly became an embarrassment to HMG. They impeded the cold war. For all his rhetoric about punishing Germany for its crimes during the war, Churchill was among the first to call for an end to war crimes investigations. "Our policy should henceforth be to draw a sponge across the crimes and horror of the past... There can be no revival of Europe without the active and loyal aid of all the German tribes," Churchill told the House of Commons in 1947.

Shortly afterwards Churchill made a much-publicised donation to the support fund for Nazi Field Marshall Erich von Mannstein, who was being tried in Hamburg for murdering prisoners of war on the eastern front. Proceedings against von Mannstein's fellow officers had already been dropped by British prosecutors on grounds of the defendants' "poor health".

In 1941, in the Crimea and short of food, von Mannstein had ordered: "The Jewish-Bolshevik system must be wiped out once and for all... especially in the hostile cities, a large part of the population will have to starve." By 1952 von Mannstein was a free man serving in the West German army.

The UN War Crimes Commission was quickly wrapped up. Prosecutors such as Gerald Draper found their efforts thwarted. The British and American authorities were not cooperative. General Lucius Clay declared that as of the end of 1947, no more suspected war criminals would be handed over for prosecution from the American zone in Germany. The British followed suit.

Ernest Bevin, Labour's Foreign Secretary, approved. He "was not anxious to elicit sympathy for the wartime suffering of the Jews and thereby invite public pressure to open Palestine to Jewish immigration," the Canadian High Commission reported from London.

At the same time, the SIS was given a brief, which Menzies cleared with Bevin, to go after the USSR whole hog. He wasted no time, indulging in a range of what today are called dirty tricks and destabilisation. And why not? Within the SIS were a lot of old hands who had spent the best part of their careers before 1939 funnelling covert assistance to disenchanted groups of Balts, Ukrainians, White Russians, Caucasians, all gripped with anti-Bolshevik fervour and feeling the pinch of Stalin's secret police on their collars. The war against the Nazis, for many diehard SIS spy masters, had been but a temporary diversion from the main, historic calling.

Pools of anti-Bolshevik recruits were to be found in the British-administered displaced persons' camps (DP camps) in Germany, Austria and Italy. Alongside remnants of Hitler's forces who had no desire to be repatriated, were many war-weary innocents, anxious only to make a clean break in the west.

The DP camps were divided largely by nationality, and disciplined on near military lines. The refugees' spokesmen in several cases had been the heads of the puppet regimes set up by the Nazis in eastern Europe. One quick way out of the DP camps was to give the British what they wanted. The more anti-communist one was, the more likely one was to be favoured.

So MI6 officers such as Anthony Cavendish combed the camps looking for young Balts prepared to become British agents and sneak back into Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia to blow up bridges, shoot Soviet soldiers and radio back information.

Ukrainians were given the chance to parachute into their homeland, courtesy of the SIS and the RAF. The commander of an anti-Bolshevik "Ukrainian Insurgent Army", Lt-General Taras Tchuprynka, was finally only cornered and shot by Soviet troops in a village near Lvov on 21 October, 1950. Ukrainian "freedom fighters", in radio contact with western intelligence, were hiding in caves in the Carpathian mountains as late as 1952.

Aside from sending men back, the SIS had *emigré* groups to oversee news and propaganda about the Free World to broadcast behind the Iron Curtain. Prominent among the east European *emigré* groups fostered by British and American intelligence were men who had been fervent collaborators during the war—the very men about whom the Soviet delegates had complained to the United Nations in 1947.

The United States government has admitted this. In 1985 the US General Accounting Office reported, "A former intelligence officer told us that if a person was a war criminal, the decision of whether or not to use him depended on what he could do for you."

Yet the impetus to employ Nazi collaborators in many instances came from the British. Menzies didn't want these precious but embarrassing people prowling around the SIS's St James's offices. So Commander Wilfred "Biffy" Dunderdale was put in charge of a "Special Liaison Committee" to run them at arm's length, around the corner in Victoria. Dunderdale has never acknowledged his role with MI6. Nonetheless, Nigel West recently named him and the secret is out.

The anti-communist *emigré* leaders were housed and fêted in Britain, taken on tours of the United States, and quietly supported in their public activities—the stock and trade of the cold war.

As a consequence Britain hosted some fairly seedy political gatherings. Take, for example, the Convention of Delegates of the Resistance Movements of the Anti-Bolshevik Nations of Europe and Asia (ABN), held under the auspices of the Scottish League for European Freedom in Edinburgh on 12-14 June 1950. The ABN was the postwar successor to a "Conference of Enslaved Nations of Eastern Europe", apparently organised by the Reich ministry for Occupied Eastern Territories in the Volhynia region of the Ukraine in November 1943. At the time the Nazis were being pushed back by the Red Army and needed all the help they could get from the local inhabitants. Jewish and Soviet partisans were also active in the nearby forests, with some scores to settle—not least with respect to the mass murder of 60,000 Jews and loyal Soviet citizens by local Ukrainian collaborators in 1942.

ABN's credo was to "fight for the destruction of Bolshevism and partition Russia on the basis of self-determination of nations into nation states established on the ethnic principle". The Edinburgh convention was a carnival for prize ghouls. The ABN's executive included a Latvian SS officer who had won an Iron Cross; the

'Our policy should henceforth be to draw a sponge across the crimes and horrors of the past . . . There can be no revival of Europe without the active and loyal aid of all the German tribes'

— Winston Churchill, House of Commons, 1947

Byelorussian Rodoslav Ostroski, who had been denounced in the UN; and a Hungarian general, leader of the viciously anti-Semitic Arrow Cross, which installed a pro-Nazi government in Hungary by coup in 1944, after which Hungary was bled of its Jews.

Stanislav Stankevich, another Byelorussian, spoke at Edinburgh. Stankevich has been called "The Butcher of Borissow", for his role in the particularly gruesome murder of 7,000 Jews there in October 1941. Under the Nazis, Stankevich was mayor of the town.

The ABN's main organiser was Yaroslav Stetsko, the Ukrainian who, with Stepan Bandera, returned from exile to the Soviet Ukraine with the invading German army shortly after 22 June 1941, and proclaimed an independent Ukrainian state in Lvov eight days later. Part of its credo was "Glory to the heroic German army and its Fuhrer Adolf Hitler". Stetsko became "prime minister" and Bandera "president". Alexander Dallin writes that, "it became obvious to

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Mothers and children awaiting execution in the Volhynia of the Ukraine

the Germans that Bandera's followers were displaying considerable initiative, conducting purges and pogroms."

The puppet state lasted only a few weeks because the Nazis got fed up with them. Nonetheless, within six weeks, some 5,000 Ukrainians, several thousand Poles and 15,000 Jews were slaughtered by enthusiastic local collaborators.

After the war Bandera seems to have got the ticket to Argentina, but was soon brought back to Europe by British intelligence to lead his group of *emigré* fascists. He was assassinated in Munich in the late 1950s.

Stetsko and Bandera's followers always protested their innocence of war crimes. A letter to an Australian Jewish newspaper in 1957, signed by a Stephen Dattner, describing himself as having commanded a British army denazification unit in Austria, suggests otherwise. He says Stetsko and Bandera's Ukrainian "state" was "a Quisling police administration...Their function was threefold: a) to crush the partisan movement, b) to organise the shipment of Ukrainian labour for the German factories and c) the destruction of the Jewish population in the Ukraine...The Jewish population of the Ukraine was virtually annihilated." Stetsko may have lived in Bradford.

A pamphlet published by Ukrainian *emigrés* in 1952, under the auspices of the Scottish League, gives some flavour of their thinking. Entitled *The Crimes of Moscow in Vynnytsia*, it recounts how the Nazis set up a medical commission in 1943 to examine several hundred corpses of an estimated 10,000 Ukrainians found in mass graves, who were murdered by Stalin's NKVD in 1937-38. There is little doubt that the murders took place. The Nazi medical commission, meticulous and thorough in many respects, failed to examine other mass graves nearby—those of some 24,000 Jews and Soviet partisans murdered in Vynnytsia by Einsatzgruppen and collaborators in 1941.

The Scottish League pamphlet includes statements made by local Ukrainians to the Nazi commission as to why their relatives were shot by the NKVD. "It is possible he was reported by a Jew who was working in the factory next to my husband, and once, as my husband told me, he had a quarrel with him..." "There was a resident in our house named Feld, a lawyer, a Jew who wanted possession of the whole house..." This novel view, that Stalin's victims were fingered by vengeful, grasping Jews, seems out of place in a Britain which had fought the war for freedom and justice.

Nonetheless, this is the sort of stuff British intelligence was prepared to stomach from the anti-communists it supported. The cold war had to be fought. And as distasteful as this guff may seem, the war was fought on the principle that my enemy's enemy is my brother.

This is not only morally dubious. It was foolish. The Soviets had correctly read British intentions and heavily salted the displaced persons' camps and *emigré* movements with their own agents. Furthermore, the SIS bureau in charge of anti-Soviet activities was Section IX, run by Kim Philby. So not only did the SIS foster, tolerate and protect suspected war criminals from justice, but the Soviets knew all about it. A misguided cock-up? The Americans think so. Because Philby went one step further, and encouraged them to join in funding and running these *emigré* movements, pitted with Soviet agents, when he was an SIS liaison officer with the CIA in the early 1950s in Washington.

So where does the matter stand? British cases of possible war criminals have only come to light because of investigations in the United States. An Office of Special Investigations (OSI) within the Justice Department has been pursuing war criminals since 1979. The OSI has a large staff and *subpoena* powers and can use the full force of the law to strip war criminals of their citizenship and bring extradition proceedings against them. Its staff are not bound by secrecy. Allan Ryan, its previous director, has written a book about war criminals in America. So too has John Loftus, a lawyer who was an OSI investigator.

Loftus, particularly in *The Belarus Secret*, talks about British intelligence's role in recruiting and protecting eastern European Nazi collaborators accused of war crimes. He has reiterated his allegations in testimony to a House of Representatives judiciary committee.

The Canadian government has also investigated whether the British government conspired to let war criminals settle in Canada. The answer is yes, as spelled out in an officially commissioned report released last year. Some of the men had been queried with British intelligence before being allowed into Canada. The answer had come back that there was nothing known against them.

Sir Thomas Hetherington and his colleague, William Chalmers, former Crown Agent for Scotland, are reportedly taking a special interest in two men. One, a Lithuanian, is thought to be Antanas Gecas, who was identified on Scottish television last year as a detachment leader of a Nazi-led police battalion which butchered its way across White Russia. Gecas admits being with the battalion but denies having participated in the murders. Scottish TV's evidence came from the US Justice Department. The other individual Hetherington is thought to be looking closely at is said to be a Georgian.

A good deal of space has been devoted to debating whether under current British law war criminals can be tried or extradited. Perhaps not. A bigger problem for the Foreign Office is that it might find it difficult helping to prosecute people whom it secretly recruited and brought to Britain as part of the fight against communism.

Perhaps more disconcerting than the attitude of the SIS at the end of the war is that of the Foreign Office since. The same mentality regarding war criminals seems to apply—cover-up the evidence and carp about the Soviets.

Hetherington has already narrowed his focus from 250 to 110 suspects. HMG is now prepared to acknowledge that the Soviets may be right. Yet if the whole story of British policy is to be told, the circumstances in which each of the 250 suspects got here has to be investigated and the facts published. At the end of the war there was undeniably much confusion. Mistakes were made. But not always. The questions to be answered are who made the decisions, where are the memos and files?

Merlyn Rees, the Labour chairman of the All-Party War Crimes Committee, is exceptionally well placed to make sure this happens. As a Privy Councillor, former Home Secretary and member of the Franks and Falklands Commissions, he knows his way around the security establishment. He has a choice: to insist on full and frank public disclosure, or acquiesce to the government and let it sit on the details and publish a brief resume in the spurious interest of national security. One waits. Hiding war criminals has become a bit of a tradition in Britain. ●

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The divided borough

In May 1986 Labour swept to power in the north London borough of Brent, replacing a Tory-led hung council. With 19 black councillors and 16 women among its 43 members, the new ruling group—led by a young black woman, Merle Amory—was probably more representative of its electorate than any in the history of local government. Labour's winning 70-page manifesto committed it to ambitious plans to expand services and to aid the underprivileged.

Today all that lies in ruins. The savage public row over social services director David Divine, first sacked and now reinstated, is merely a symptom of the disaster facing Labour in Brent. Divided, demoralised and directionless, Labour councillors must make savings of over £17 million by March. To balance the books, Brent will have to make deeper cuts than any Labour local authority has ever done, including the abolition of school meals and the closure of all council-run nurseries. Many councillors refuse to countenance this: some threaten resignation. It is doubtful that Labour can continue to govern. A bitter Divine has charged that the council is "financially, politically and morally bankrupt".

The Labour councillors who led the attack on Divine allege that he is an incompetent director, ignorant of finance and hostile to councillors. Divine's counterattack claims a campaign of intimidation by members against council officers: senior officials, he says, would pray before meeting councillors and be close to tears afterwards. Even those sympathetic to his case feel that this is an exaggeration. Those within the Labour group who support Divine do so primarily because of the manner of his dismissal: the decision was made at a closed group meeting where Divine had no chance to state his case. Even now, some councillors are open about their desire to prevent his return.

Brent is a divided borough, geographically, ethnically and—in consequence—politically. The north is relatively prosperous and Tory-voting, the south poor and Labour. Brent has proportionately more black residents than any other British local authority, both Asian and Afro-Caribbean, as well as large Irish and Jewish communities. Nowhere else in Britain has an American-style politics of ethnic voting blocs become so entrenched as in Brent, both within the council and in the wider community. The demands of ethnic lobbies set up pressures within the Labour group cutting across those of traditional left-right alignments. These increased the impetus for high spending on affirmative action programmes and imposed strains on the shared commitment to anti-racism in education and employment strategies.

Divisions emerged between particular Asian councillors and activists and some of their Afro-Caribbean counterparts. A group of Asian Labour councillors—including M D Patel, Dhiraj Kataria, Lata Patel, and Peter Pendsay—persistently alleged that Asians were not getting a fair deal in jobs and services. These suggestions were never proved, but contributed to a fierce campaign against Merle Amory and later against Brent South Labour MP Paul Boateng. It was even claimed that Afro-Caribbeans in Brent were advantaged, not only *vis-à-vis* Asians, but as against whites. This culminated in a "hunger strike" for Asian rights staged by community activist Raju Patel in the council car park.

It was race that brought Brent's internal schism to national attention when Maureen McGoldrick, headmistress of Sudbury Infants School, was suspended in the summer of 1986 for an alleged racist remark. Tensions were evident between Labour group leader Amory and education chair Ron Anderson. Anderson, whose handling of the affair was widely criticised, accused Amory of bowing to Tory pressure. Under heavy and frequently inaccurate attack from the media, it was evident a siege mentality was developing among councillors.

The siege from without intensified the dissension within. Amory, the only person who could have held the group together, resigned in September 1987 for genuine personal reasons,

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Gerard Lovett

David Divine...his position is a symptom of Labour's imminent downfall in Brent

Labour promised Brent a radical programme of expansion. But two years on, sweeping cuts are likely, report Sandra Ernstoff and Stephen Howe

despite malicious rumours. The succession was sharply contested between vociferous left-winger Anderson and centrist Dorman Long. Long won narrowly amongst councillors, though Anderson claimed a majority in the wider party. In extraordinary scenes, Anderson's supporters proclaimed him the rightful leader and occupied the council chamber. Some also, bizarrely, accused Long's supporters of racism. Long is black, Anderson white. The accusation came primarily from black activist Kuba Assegai, currently awaiting trial for threatening to kill the director of education, whose wife and close allies control Brent's black section. This charge, inducing fear and guilt, was thrown about within Labour's ranks with increasing frequency as the crisis deepened.

Divisions within the Labour group owe more to personality, and to purely local quarrels, than to national alignments. There are no Militant councillors. The anti-cuts hardcore consists of seven members with Trotskyist sympathies (primarily Briefing) led by Graham Durham; and a more diffuse group of the "hard left", also numbering about seven, who follow Anderson. Perhaps ten of these 14 will adopt a diehard "no cuts" stance. On the other side, some eight councillors have shown themselves willing to vote with the opposition in order to balance the budget. The remainder, including the leadership, is wavering between these positions. The traditional Labour right wing no longer exists at council level.

The siege mentality has extended increasingly to officer-member relations. Members have seemed suspicious of all their officials, especially those in senior posts, refusing to accept professional advice on financial or legal matters and viewing all the departmental directors, quite wrongly, as Conservatives. Even before the David Divine crisis, two directors of education and one of social services had resigned. There was a widespread failure among councillors to understand the demarcation of roles between themselves and the officials; a failure induced by both inexperience and political predisposition. This involved councillors taking over many of the functions of departmental directors, including intervention in hundreds of minor decisions.

Meanwhile, other problems continue to dog Labour's reeling leadership. In September, former deputy council leader M D Patel will appear at the Old Bailey charged with corruptly receiving a bribe. More trivial, but embarrassing, was the revelation that several Labour councillors, including the group leader, owed substantial rent and rate arrears. Some of these, including those of the group leader, have now been paid off.

Relations with the trade unions have also deteriorated. Councillors have clashed sharply with the main non-manual union, NALGO, whose members have borne the brunt of cuts so far. By contrast, there has (as in Liverpool and Southwark) been an all too cosy relationship with manual unions. Possible savings among manual employees in terms of efficiency and working practices have not even been discussed. Now, as drastic compulsory redundancies loom, it seems established working conditions may have been safeguarded only at the cost of many of the jobs of those concerned.

The three most recent by-elections have all seen massive swings against the party. The two previously Labour-held seats were lost. No-one doubts that an election tomorrow would see Labour swept from office.

This month the crunch comes on the problem that overwhelms all others: the council's budget. Some of Labour's financial troubles are inherited. The minority Conservative administration of 1984-6 had spent all the £39 million balances held by the council, and engaged in creative accountancy on a grand scale. This concealed the fact that its April 1986 budget was, in effect, deficit financing. Labour came into power without the reserves or the revenue to expand services: the borough's director of finance had already given this warning in July 1986. Yet Labour also came to power on a manifesto committed to such expansion: massively so. It made no commitment to running a deficit or risking illegality although that was always what fulfilling the manifesto would imply. The initial fudge on this point would return to haunt Labour councillors.

Most other left-wing Labour authorities, seeing which way the wind was blowing after the 1987 election, knew they must bend to it or be struck down. They then began the agonising process of deciding the spending priorities—government pressure dictated that not all could be met. Despite numerous warnings from some councillors, including Merle Amory and one of the authors of this article, the Brent Labour group refused to do this. Cuts were considered only when councillors were under the personal threat of surcharge. Now that threat looms very near indeed. Stephen Forster, the council's legal director, warned on 26 July: "You have four weeks in which to meet and bring your budgets into balance. If you fail to do this...I cannot advise you that you are safe from personal surcharge...The responsibility rests on each of you individually. It cannot be avoided by missing meetings."

But what would balancing the budget entail? Likely cuts include the closure of all council-run nurseries, abolition of school meals (except the free meals whose provision is a statutory duty), hundreds of compulsory staff redundancies, ending all grants to voluntary bodies, closing the employment office—thus no more grants or loans to local businesses—library closures, and the freezing of all non-committed capital expenditure.

Such a programme would devastate the local community, especially its more vulnerable sections. It would be the most sweeping loss of services ever carried through in a single year by a local authority. And unless the Labour councillors resign—which is far from impossible—it will be carried through by a group which little more than two years ago came to power sincerely pledged to a radical, expansionist, socialist programme. The streets of Brent are paved with good intentions.

Sandra Ernstoff has been a Brent Labour councillor since May 1986, and was chair of the Finance Committee until May 1988.

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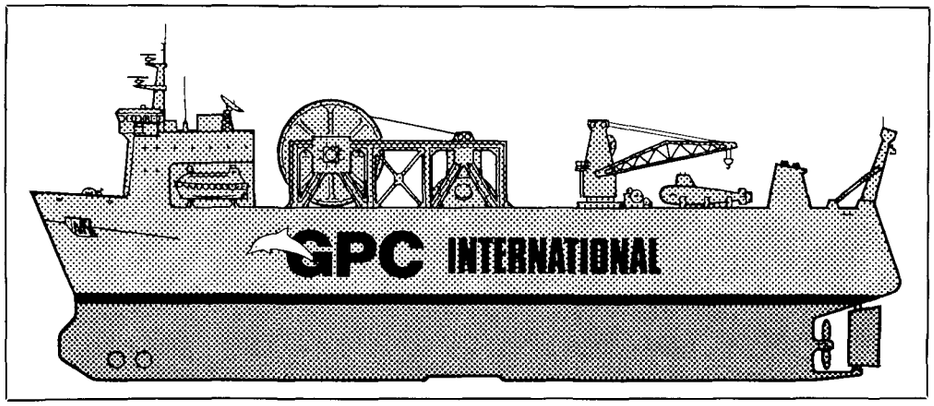

Each dumping ship will carry 160,000 tonnes of *hazardous* waste

Muck spreading

Tightening up on pollutant controls means more waste to dispose of. That's handy for waste entrepreneur Alex Copson who wants to dump it beneath the floor of the Atlantic. Vicky Hutchings charts his progress

Jubilee Room, House of Commons, 27 July. Behind the long wooden table sit eight solemn men with a mission. Among them is Labour MP Bob Clay (Sunderland North), who is chairing the occasion, some trade unionists from the north-east, Jim Slater, president of the NUS and, fourth from the right, Alex Copson, fast-talking waste entrepreneur. The press conference has been called to announce Copson's new "anti-pollution" initiative. Copson alternately bullies and cajoles and comes on like an American DJ trying to get an apathetic crowd to dance. Obstinately, those attending this press conference refuse to enter into the spirit of the thing. To Copson's irritation, they actually ask questions and seem to expect answers.

Copson is head of CET (Consolidated Environmental Technology), a British nuclear waste company, which hit the headlines last autumn with the publication of his plans to sink a three-kilometre shaft beneath the North Sea and drop nuclear waste down it. The subsequent scandal surrounding the resignation of one of his consultants (who left in protest over a planned private dinner at which Copson, Jeffrey Archer, Mrs Thatcher and Cecil Parkinson were to discuss using the shaft) has not helped Copson's temper. Neither have subsequent claims by mining experts that producing and using a shaft over two and a half kilometres deep is still technically impossible. Copson is also consultant to North Venture Ltd and currently putting a bid together for the Wearside yards of British Shipbuilders, North East Shipbuilders Ltd (NESL).

Copson's North Venture initiative is to "clean up the environment". Initially, this will be done by building four ships (called bucket boats) to take toxic waste out into the deep waters of the north east Atlantic and pump it through a hose down onto the sea floor. The pollution of our rivers, estuaries and shallow seas gets worse and worse, says Copson, and this project will save the day. Britain will be able to hold its head high as it brings hope for global pollution control. There is "enormous potential" here which can sustain a "fabulous growth rate".

It is likely that there will be two companies, one to build the ships, the other to run them, called Global Pollution Control International (GPCI). Who will own the companies and where the money is coming from remains a mystery. "Ownership isn't important," claims Copson, but it's clear that big money is involved. The four ships will cost $100 million each to build (Copson talks dollars), and have a capacity of 160,000 tonnes between them. Each will be capable of making 30 trips a year and Copson wants a 15-year experimental licence. Seventy-two million tonnes of gypsum, sewage sludge, contaminated soils, dredge spoil, laced with PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls), organochlorines, heavy metals and acidic wastes, could be pumped down into the deep waters of the Atlantic by the time the experiment is finished.

The ships will be built in the NESL yards in Sunderland and provide jobs. How many? As many jobs as it needs, confides Copson, and the ships will be sailed by a National Union of Seamen crew. Bob Clay looks gratified. Beside him the two convenors from the Southwick and Pallion yards show no emotion. These are men's men with huge overhanging bellies and they are made of sterner stuff. Jim Slater, president of the NUS, adds that anything to do with cleaning up the environment is all right with him.

But is the Ministry for Agriculture, Fisheries and Food going to grant licences for deep-sea dumping? Only last November, the UK was heavily criticised at the North Sea Conference in London as one of the two countries (the Republic of Ireland is the other) still dumping large amounts—one third of the UK total— of sewage sludge in the shallow waters of the North Sea. Ministers of the eight countries represented accepted in principle that, from January 1989, no material should be dumped in the North Sea unless there are no practical alternatives on land and it can be shown that the waste presents no hazard to marine life. In practice, they agreed that dumping liquid industrial waste should be phased out, that levels of pollutants from farm and industry should be reduced to improve the cleanliness of rivers and that action should be taken to reduce the contamination of sewage sludges dumped.

Controls are tightening all round. Last week the DoE put out a consultation paper on industrial pollution to bring Britain belatedly into line with EC law. Now stricter pollution control means more potentially toxic or hazardous waste to dispose of. Curbing sulphur dioxide from fossil-fuelled power stations to reduce acid rain could result in huge amounts of gypsum to be disposed of in its turn. But controls are set to tighten over the waste industry as well: an earlier consultation document from the DoE points out that industry will have to pay a further £22 million a year for waste disposal. The proposed legislation will provide more law enforcement powers to waste disposal authorities (WDAs) to prosecute offenders, with extra money coming in from charging dump licence holders an annual fee, forcing "waste carriers" to register and then charging a registration fee.

The collection, processing, packaging and disposal of wastes, especially hazardous and toxic ones, is becoming big business and worth some £5 billion a year to the private sector. In total, the UK produces around 500 million tonnes of waste a year. Ninety per cent of this is disposed of in landfill sites, the rest incinerated or dumped at sea. Four million tonnes are classed as hazardous or special waste, of which over 80 per cent is disposed of in landfill sites, 7 per cent treated, 8 per cent dumped or incinerated at sea and 2 per cent incinerated on land.

Elsewhere, environmental controls are becoming more stringent as people in the west have decided that they don't want to wallow in their own filth and rubbish. New ways are constantly being looked for to dispose of waste well away from the site of origin. Conventional sea dumping (i.e. chucking it over the side of a boat) is becoming more and more difficult—Britain stopped sea dumping radioactive waste in 1983 and is being pressured by fellow users of the North Sea to stop sewage sludge dumping as well. And incineration at sea is also starting to be phased out in Europe.

Meanwhile, the big growth industry is the export of unwanted waste, usually to third world countries, as landfill sites fill up. Britain, which

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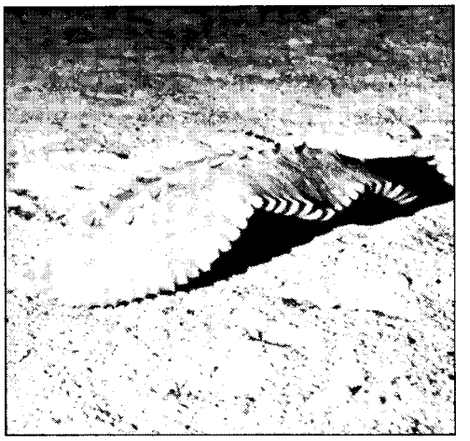
doesn't have a landfill problem as yet, and still provides a relatively cheap service, has increased the import of toxic foreign waste from around 5,000 tonnes in the early 1980s to around 50,000 tonnes in 1987 (mostly from Holland and Belgium). The tightening of landfilling rules in France, Belgium, West Germany and the Netherlands has also meant the new phenomenon of non-toxic waste being imported for the first time (130,000 tonnes in 1986-87) into Britain.

But it is the discovery that a number of firms are using Africa as a dumping ground for hazardous wastes that has caused a great outcry. In June, it became known that Benin, Nigeria, Congo, Guinea-Bissau, Equatorial Guinea and Guinea had all signed deals with European countries or firms (some on record, some hiding behind shady middlemen) to import and store toxic industrial wastes—heavy metals, dioxins, PCBs and, in some cases, unknown to the recipients, radioactive waste. Under a convention being drawn up by the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP), the export, transportation and final destination of any hazardous waste will be more tightly controlled. But can any international agreements do much to halt the actual export? All they will do is to make it more controlled.



A deep-sea cucumber: one of the few known deep-sea species

72 million tonnes of hazardous waste could be pumped deep into the Atlantic

"Knowledge of the deep ocean environment is too fragmentary to make firm predictions," says an IOS report on deep-sea dumping. The abyssal waters between 3000-6000 metres occupy just over half the earth's surface, and are, as yet, says Copson, "hardly utilised by man". The waters are very cold and little light penetrates their depths. Nevertheless, some life exists here: sea cucumbers which crawl across the sediment, phytoplankton which blooms in spring, deep sea crabs and rat-tail fishes. In the long term, the IOS argues, material could come back to the surface, but they estimate it will be greatly diluted as "turnover time" in the deep waters of the Atlantic takes 250 years. It is the profound ignorance of what goes on in the deep waters of the earth, even among the experts, that has so appalled a wide range of environmental organisations.

This month, Alex Copson is meeting Donald Thompson, a junior minister in the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, to discuss his scheme. "We will hear what he has to say," said a spokesperson at the MAFF. Copson thinks that MAFF will have to "wake up". He especially doesn't want this venture to get "snowed under by politicians". "Mrs Thatcher tells me," he says, "that this is an enterprise culture. Well, let's get rid of all this red tape and press on." Once the "experimental" period is over, and if it is judged safe, he expects phase two of the operation to involve 40 ships, and phase three to involve 120. GPCI will become an "international company based in Britain", processing waste from all over the world. The Dutch have already indicated that they would be interested in taking part in the first phase—Copson has received a "letter of intent" indicating that, should the project go ahead, he can look forward to receiving contaminated soil from Holland.

But even if North Venture doesn't get off the ground, one can expect to see Alex Copson again sometime. Earlier this year, he was spotted holding talks with the Jordanian government on forming an Anglo-Jordanian Chemical Company which would process 500,000 tonnes of hazardous chemical waste from Europe every year. Where there's muck, there's more brass than ever. ●

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Lawson's lesser evil

Rising inflation and balance of payments deficits have hit Lawson's policies but the alternatives are worse, says Doug Jones

Who said: "In short we are facing a credit and consumption boom of unparalleled proportions with which the economy is wholly unable to cope. Against that background there can be no possible justification for cutting taxation, increasing consumption, encouraging more consumer debt, sucking in more imports and making more certain a balance of trade and sterling crisis"?

Need another clue? He also warned that: "For a government gambling its future on the race between polling day and economic crisis, the temptation to cut and run in the spring must now be almost irresistible. The day of economic reckoning draws nearer as our balance of payments falls deeper into deficit."

These remarks were made in January and February 1987, by the then Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer, Roy Hattersley.

Given Nigel Lawson's recent troubles with record balance of payments deficits, excess credit growth and rising interest rates, Hattersley can be forgiven for reminding people last Friday of the warning he made last spring.

By May of this year, the Chancellor's March prediction of a £4 billion balance of payments deficit for the whole of 1988 had already been exceeded by a deficit of £4.6 billion for the first five months. The June figure added £1 billion to that total. The Treasury is said to be now forecasting £10 billion for the year as a whole.

Indeed Nigel Lawson has had a miserable last four months, ever since the Prime Minister decided to clip his wings a week before his March budget. She repudiated his carefully constructed, and in my view sensible, exchange rate policy, and blocked membership of the EMS. The timing of the Prime Minister's intervention seemed designed to undermine his new standing and independent reputation. In the event, the blatant unfairness of tax cuts that favoured the rich, was not well received.

More recently the Chancellor has been involved in a demeaning semi-public dispute with the Prime Minister's personal economic guru, Sir Alan Walters. Once the darling of the City, he has now fallen out with what he described as its "teenage scribblers", some of whom have suggested that "market confidence" in sterling and government policy would be enhanced by his removal from office. Speculation has mounted that Cecil Parkinson or one of the Prime Minister's other "trusties" is being lined up as a replacement.

Between 2 June and 18 July Lawson had to make six 0.5 per cent hikes in interest rates in order to try to damp down domestic demand. The result is that mortgage rates will rise 1.75 per cent, more than wiping out the Budget tax cuts for all but the most wealthy. And then last week Lawson warned Tory backbenchers that inflation may rise from little more than 3 per cent earlier this year, to 6 per cent next year.

There are a number of arguments made in defence of the escalating balance of payments deficits and the policies that have created them. It is claimed that the balance of payments deterioration is the result of the British economy growing faster than those of its rivals. In fact, there is no simple link between Britain's relative growth rate and the balance of payments. While it is true that faster growth in Europe (or slower growth in the UK) would have slowed the rate of deterioration, the UK's exports to the fast-growing US economy have only increased 4 per cent over the past year, whereas they have increased 8 per cent to the slow-growing EC. At least as important in explaining export weakness is the substantial rise in the value of sterling since November 1986—up 13 per cent on its trade weighted index and up 22 per cent against the US dollar.

Moreover, there have been long-term underlying trends operating over the past ten years that help to explain recent problems. The £8 billion trade surplus in oil in 1985 is expected by the Treasury to fall to £2.5 billion in 1988. Meanwhile, the manufactured trade account, which was £5 billion in surplus in 1978, continues to slip deeper and deeper in deficit. In the first six months of this year it was £6.13 billion in the red, suggesting a deficit of £12 billion for the year as a whole. This is a £17 billion slippage in just ten years.

The government has claimed that much of this year's rise in imports is due to an investment boom. It is true that capital goods imports are up 18 per cent or £630 million comparing the latest quarter with the equivalent quarter of 1987, but the total deficit between the two periods is up £2.6 billion. Other imports—notably cars up 36 per cent—are also a factor.

The Chancellor has argued that the UK can easily "finance" balance of payments deficits for many years to come because of its position as the world's second largest creditor nation. The problem with this is that the people who own Britain's overseas assets are not necessarily the same people who are acquiring overseas liabilities. Britain's overseas assets are not a pool of money that can just be cashed in, and so it does not follow that they make the deficit any easier or cheaper to finance.

The final argument that is put forward in defence of the deficit is that it does not matter because it is the result of private sector choices rather than public sector borrowing. This is just plain daft—an ideological statement based on prejudice against the public sector. The possible deflationary impact on employment and output of the private sector adjusting its deficit can be just as damaging as a government-induced deflation. Moreover, a positive government decision to borrow (which may or may not be associated with a balance of payments deficit) may be superior for growth, the balance of payments and living standards in the long term. Government borrowing can be used to finance investment, training and education, research and development, health care and infrastructure expenditure, whereas the recent boom in private borrowing has been spent on an unsustainable surge of foreign imports.

Nevertheless, it must be hoped that Lawson survives as Chancellor. More sensible and compassionate alternatives to the Lawson course exist, but they are not going to be carried out by the present Conservative administration. Over the years Lawson has become more pragmatic. Despite his "zero inflation" rhetoric he has been quite happy to run the economy with around 4 per cent inflation provided it was delivering 3 per cent growth, rising living standards and falling unemployment.

Under the Thatcher alternative of even higher interest rates and economic slowdown, inflationary pressure will also be increased by higher mortgage rates and slowdown in productivity growth. The exchange rate will be kept at uncompetitively high levels in a way that will be at least as damaging to the underlying balance of payments as Lawson's "dash for growth". Inflation will only eventually be reduced, and the balance of payments balanced, by slow growth and rising unemployment.

Let's hope Lawson's luck holds against Thatcher for there is just a chance he may be right, and Britain can move investment and output onto a higher growth path that will eventually ease capacity constraints on exports, promote international competitiveness and reduce the balance of payments problems. Of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor, Lawson is the lesser evil. Unfortunately the Prime Minister seems set to win. ●

Doug Jones was formerly economic adviser to deputy leader of the Labour Party, Roy Hattersley MP and now works as a "teenage scribbler" for a financial institution.

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Make it worth my while

A Dukakis win would isolate Britain on South Africa. The Foreign Office is already preparing the way for a Thatcher U-turn. Arthur Gavshon reports

Foreign Ministers of eight Commonwealth countries meeting in Toronto this week have been examining firm proposals for stiffening sanctions against South Africa and for beefing up the defences of the frontline states. But two other major issues, not on their official agenda, have been the subjects of intensive informal exchanges.

The first related to reports circulating persistently among key Commonwealth governments that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is thinking of visiting South Africa around the turn of the year provided that President P W Botha agrees to make her journey worthwhile. Senior Commonwealth diplomats are saying privately they believe the prize she would settle for would be the release of Nelson Mandela after 26 years in jail.

The second issue concerned the new situation that would arise if the next President of the United States turns out to be Michael Dukakis, with his commitment to brand South Africa as a "terrorist state". Such a development would align the Americans with the entire Commonwealth, most members of the European Community, Sweden, Japan and other countries favouring sanctions of one sort or another. Britain would be internationally isolated.

Both these possibilities are beginning to dominate the thinking of that considerable section of the international community preoccupied with the need, as they see it, to end the apartheid system and dampen down the turmoil that is having a knock-on effect throughout the entire African subcontinent.

The eight-nation Commonwealth group headed by Canada's Joe Clark was set up last year by the Commonwealth heads of government in Vancouver. Its other members are Australia, Guyana, India, Nigeria, Tanzania, Zambia and Zimbabwe. A statement issued at Lake Okanaga—with Thatcher remaining aloof—gave the Committee a mandate to strengthen economic, military and other sanctions. It also resolved to help build up the defences and economies of the frontline states against South Africa's strategy of destabilisation, and to support the victims and opponents of the apartheid system, including the African National and the Pan Africanist Congresses.

For the Thatcher government the reality of isolation within the Commonwealth over ways of combatting apartheid was embarrassing enough. But the risk of virtually total international isolation, which would come about if Dukakis becomes President, is far more worrying. Despite the bravado of Thatcher's statements in Australia, reiterating her opposition to sanctions, a quiet reassessment of policy has been forced on the British. Such reassessments always take place when a change of administration seems likely in Washington.

According to Commonwealth sources some of the Prime Minister's advisers have come up with the idea—which it is believed she has endorsed—of launching a British initiative designed to bring off a spectacular diplomatic coup.

Topham Picture Library

Botha and Thatcher: isolation talk?

It may well take the form of a Prime Ministerial mission of conciliation to South Africa aimed at promoting white-black dialogue, if not negotiations, dismantling some of the most controversial symbols of apartheid, ending the country's state of emergency and winning freedom for Mandela. The British are also said to have been sounding out Prime Minister Robert Mugabe about the possibility of Thatcher being invited to Zimbabwe; such a visit could be portrayed as a bid to balance her appearance in the apartheid Republic. In line with an informal agreement among the frontline states, Mugabe (who has been making private visits to this country because of his wife's health) has not yet committed himself; the frontline states have resolved not to allow themselves to be used to ease the way for foreign leaders into South Africa.

If Commonwealth diplomats have assessed British intentions correctly, two formidable problems would still confront Margaret Thatcher. In the first place she could hardly embark on the 6,000-mile journey to South Africa without an advance pledge of cooperation from President Botha; for the Prime Minister to return empty-handed from so controversial a mission would be politically perilous. And even if Botha agrees to release Mandela it is by no means certain that the ANC leader would accept the offer, unless it was unconditional and accompanied by arrangements to sit down and talk with an unbanned ANC. Thatcher, who has been in periodic correspondence with Botha, doubtless would want these matters clarified before making a move.

Two important reports placed before the Toronto conference dealt in detail with South Africa's links to international financial institutions—and with plans for bolstering the armies and air forces of the frontline states which have been subjected to South African incursions. But action to limit, or in any other way interfere with South Africa's sales of gold, was not recommended. The economies of too many other countries which hold gold would be jeopardised. All international banks are, however, being urged to maximise their pressure on South Africa for early repayment of due debts. Those banks which do not cooperate will be told that secondary action could be taken against them. And the International Monetary Fund will be pressed to reject any South African applications for credits.

On the military front, both Angola and Mozambique, targets of South African military pressure, are to be helped to improve their defences even though they are not Commonwealth states. Non-Commonwealth governments are being approached to provide defensive armaments to the frontline countries. Several Commonwealth countries with sophisticated military establishments are considering making training and advisory facilities available to the frontline states. And all cases of clandestine military collaboration with South Africa and violations of the United Nations arms embargo are to be investigated and publicised.

The Committee expects to meet again early in 1989—after the US election and Thatcher's visit to South Africa, if it takes place—to reassess the situation. It is due to report back to Commonwealth heads of government in 1989. ●

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Popular feelings

Ordinary people are angry and fearful. But only the Tories know how to channel their feelings

Sarah Benton

Not so many years ago, the entire language and form of politics was set to change. This was the claim of the SDP and later the Alliance. It was a bold, indeed revolutionary, claim. We have heard no more of it since the breaking of the Alliance this time last year. The election for the leader of the Democrats made no difference to that except to confirm, by the absence of such claims, that this grouping in politics no longer stands for the revolutionising of politics itself. Well, we might all say "we told you so" as though political parties are somehow formed by the very forces of nature, are no more able to change their relationship to electors or to government than people can construct perfect relationships with each other. It's just one of those things, as Mrs Wilkins of The Family said last Saturday of her multiply-divorced family.

Yet, as we also all know, the relationship of people to parties and parties to government has changed. The membership of mass left parties has declined throughout western Europe, though the overall decline in support for parties of the left is most marked in Britain. Few people now look to the radical political party as The Leader, their modern prince, their champion; rather the party is now regarded with widespread disdain or, at best, desperation. It is this severance of political party from the desires of ordinary people that Liberals and Social Democrats promised to heal, by speaking a different political language and acting in a different political form. In their more apocalyptic moments, leaders of the Social Democrats in particular, suggested that the end of the political world was nigh if they failed in their mission.

They have failed. And insofar as they meant what they said, it is a loss for us all. Had the old Alliance succeeded in putting into political form the vague discontents and half-formed aspirations of electors, then this could only have improved the political culture and all the parties that operate in it. As it is, all the parties of the left—and I include in this the SLD and some morsels of the SDP—face an apparently insurmountable brick wall: they are not seen to speak for what people want. Back to Mrs Wilkins. My opinions are liberal really, she said. But she votes Conservative. Their leader is "so strong".

Now here we do have the image of the party leader as Champion; in her person she represents and carries the aspirations of the people. But, as has been pointed out so often, these aspirations are not obviously political. In the view of many on the left, they are not even rational. As Robin Cook, one of Labour's brightest and best, says, opinion polls will produce a significant majority who prefer Labour's policies to the Conservatives' in most key areas, from the welfare state through support for industry to tax cuts for the rich. But that's not what people vote for.

What we have is a stunning divergence between a language of humane rationalism in politics, and a language of the symbolic. Where a humane rationalism has failed to make itself felt, failed to speak for or to popular feeling, the symbolic has taken over. Back to Mrs Wilkins again, last seen 14 years ago, married, cheerful, the mother of four, of whom the eldest two were themselves safely married. Now according to the current Conservative misrepresentation of the world, it is precisely this sort of family which should display the beneficent workings of Conservatism, combining strong family life with the unhampered opportunity to "make good"—viz better jobs, better homes, better possessions.

Roy Hattersley provoked blood-chilling Tory fantasies of mass invasion by black people

For those who missed all last week's publicity here is a brief résumé of what happened next: Mr and Mrs Wilkins got divorced; the eldest daughter has divorced twice and married three times; Gary and Karen, last seen passionately arguing her belief that marriage is for keeps, have divorced; Heather, the independent daughter, never married but has two children; the younger son has been unemployed since leaving school, has not married but has fathered a child. None of them has a "good" job.

If they are "better off" than they were 14 years ago, then their progress has been like the inching of a snail compared with the tiger leaps made by the genuinely better off.

On all this, Mrs Wilkins was reticent, either preferring to keep her views private, or having no public language in which to discuss her family's experience. That is, what she knew about from experience had no expression. Where she was forthcoming was on capital punishment and race relations, with conventional right-wing views—despite her actual experience of loving Heather's black children.

This is music to the ears of back-bench barbarians who sing this song at the drop of a point of order. Their aim is always to show that it is they, not Labour's tribunes of the people, who are in touch with authentic popular feeling. By which they mean illiberal and violent feeling. Thus, when Terry Dicks made a violently illiberal speech about West Indian "tribes" who had "cut" PC Blakelock "into dozens of pieces" (there's an interesting fantasy of Mr Dicks's) he responded to Diane Abbott's protests: She claims to represent the working class with her middle-class accent, yuppie media background and visits to Champneys. But he, not she, speaks for the people. Last week, Roy Hattersley provoked Conservative backbenchers to blood-chilling fantasies of mass invasion by black people with another of his sterling attacks on racism.

The fear that these fantasies constitute popular opinion, and the unbeaten hold of Conservative rule, intimidates not only "civilised" Tories (who voted for the new immigration restrictions without demur) but all the opposition parties.

To return to the SLD's new leader, Paddy Ashdown believes his path to replacing Labour is to represent not old class politics but the new values of a modern world. If so, he is going to have to touch down on modern feelings. And those certainly include a profound anger whose most obvious expression is violence of word and deed, shown by whites and blacks, at home and abroad. The Conservative trick has been to channel a widespread popular anger at what life has not delivnst symbolic enemies—blacks, gays, gypsies and, most recently for Mrs T, the usurpers of Brussels. There is no point opposition politicians pretending that such feelings of fear, insecurity and anger do not surge strongly. It is unlikely that the light-footed Mr Ashdown will be comfortable picking them up and looking for more rational targets for them. But if he could pick up where some of his predecessors left off, searching for a political language to express what people felt, he would be doing us all a favour.

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LETTERS

Scapegoating the leader

Edward Pearce is surely right that Neil Kinnock's survival as leader depends more on the psychology of the parliamentary Labour Party than on the arithmetic of the electoral college ("A leader too far", 22 July). But has he got the psychology right?

Look at it this way. The Labour right wing has long reckoned that the party is best led by someone who is ostensibly left wing (which is why many of them voted for Foot over Healey). Further, Kinnock represents (still) their best chance of fudging the party's unilateralist defence policy and abandoning other electorally-embarrassing impedimenta. Labour is likely to lose the next election anyway. Why, therefore, not let Kinnock get through whatever changes he can and let him carry the can for losing the next election? Any right-wing candidates lining themselves up for the succession can, in other words, play it long.

J M Kennedy
Manchester

Spineless opposition

Edward Pearce's article on Neil Kinnock as a feeble parliamentary performer is only half the story. To replace him with another Wilson or Callaghan would not solve the problem. The significance of the man's vacuous oratory and inability to score points off Thatcher is the absence of any real political vision on his part with which to challenge the huge distortions of wealth and power in this country, of which Thatcherism is just the latest manifestation.

Indeed, it is arguable that Kinnock's supine behaviour in the Zircon affair, his contradictory call for money saved on nuclear weapons to be spent on conventional arms, and his support for the Protestant veto on a united Ireland, all show that he accepts the very principles that underlie the Conservative notions of "nation" and "defence".

The above issues, if handled properly, could have won Labour a great deal of popularity at the polls. Instead, Kinnock's obsession (with the acquiescence of the Labour Party hierarchy) to be seen to be more patriotic and defence-minded than Thatcher dooms him to be forever beaten at her own game.

The obvious appearance of severe economic problems in this country, government attacks on public services and introduction of the poll tax, collapse of the support of the centre parties, and a real possibility of an end to the cold war, all present an unprecedented opportunity for Labour to overtake the Tories at the polls, an opportunity which Kinnock is squandering. The time has come for him to be replaced by somebody not only with the ability but also with the vision to understand what *opposition* actually means.

C Donnison
London N4

Misplaced blame

It is short-sighted and unfair of Edward Pearce to attempt to blame Neil Kinnock for the party's failings in parliament.

If Mr Pearce had done his homework, he would know it has more to do with the unruly tendency of the far left. The social security debate in parliament earlier this year is a case in point.

Robin Cook gave a spectacular performance on that occasion, only to be overshadowed by Dave Nesbitt's pointless antics. Indeed, it is widely acknowledged that Kinnock himself has rattled Thatcher on the NHS debates, only to find that someone's expulsion from the chamber has grabbed the headlines.

Mr Pearce also had little to say about Kinnock's achievements since becoming leader. Unlike his predecessors, he has always shown a bold readiness to lead from the front. He has also tried hard to remodernise and restructure the party in tune with the modern world, as well as showing a single-minded determination to win.

For this he surely deserves support. Moreover, contrary to the Murdoch *Sunday Times* claim, he still appears to have widespread support from mainstream Labour MPs.

Finally, if any of the formidable Labour front benchers were to inherit Kinnock's extremely difficult task, then given the inevitable constant vilification from the Tory press, and the indiscipline of the left, it seems inconceivable that the new incumbent, whatever his or her public image, would survive.

Mr Pearce would no doubt again spend his time lamenting their inevitable demise.

Keith Darlington
London SE25

Hatchet jobs

If the policy of the new *New Statesman and Society* is to provide a platform for right wing attacks on the Labour leadership, it is time socialists stopped taking it.

Socialist criticism of Neil Kinnock is acceptable. Hatchet jobs by Rupert Murdoch journalists like Edward Pearce we don't want, thank you.

Ronald Gray
London SW19

Editor's note: Edward Pearce is an experienced parliamentary reporter who has contributed regularly to the *New Statesman*. Don't blame or traduce the messenger, but judge his report on its accuracy and his analysis on its soundness. That's what we did before publishing it.

Games with snails

Stuart Weir can stop eating eggs ("The Digger", 29 July). Wood or any other ash will stop slugs and snails. Also he's unlikely to run into trouble with carrot flies (these I presume are the "vicious" insects he fears) with a late crop of carrots, and anyway needs only to take care when lifting them. I write just in case his incompetence is for real, and not merely a game.

Daphne Dennison
Feltwell

A case of whisky mac

I am considering the pros and cons of renewing my subscription, and one particular feature of your magazine causes me some concern.

I believe that it will be impossible for me to reconcile my concerns while "This England" remains with its current somewhat patronising and presumptuous title. Why not change it to "This Britain" or "This UK" or even introduce a "This Scotland" column? To put matters more briefly, unless the title changes I shall find myself unable to renew my subscription.

I look forward to hearing from you with your proposals to put matters right. My £40 will be yours by return post as soon as you take action. Not only that, I'll buy you a glass of fine malt whisky on your next visit to Edinburgh.

David MacDonald
Edinburgh

Editor's note: There is resistance to change at Perseverance Works where the title is traditionally said to be ironic and mocking rather than patronising and presumptuous. I'd like to be able to claim my glass of fine malt whisky in Edinburgh, but first I'd like to know what other readers think. Should we change the title; and if so, to what?

Extinguishing Greenham

Your editorial "Glasnost at Greenham" (22 July) leaves out an important fact. The Secretary of State for Defence has plans to extinguish people's "commonable or other rights" on Greenham and Crookham Commons.

It would suit the MoD to get rid of the commoners because:

a) The MoD is this week appealing in the High Court against a ruling that the Greenham Common bye-laws are invalid because they prejudice the rights of common.

b) The Junior Defence Minister has admitted that all the buildings put on the base since 1958 have been erected without the consent of the Environment Secretary, as is necessary under the Law of Property Act, 1925. All building work has subsequently had to stop.

If the MoD succeeds in its manoeuvres it could, in the future, sell off bits or all of the common as building land.

These moves of the MoD surely demand a public enquiry.

Georgina Smith
Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp

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STATE OF THE NATION

Agenda gap

Sheila Rowbotham

Twenty years ago Fords sewing machinists went on strike for equal pay. Though the strike had extensive political ramifications it was to take them nearly two decades to reach a grade classed as skilled.

The story of the militancy in the intervening years of thousands of working-class women has only been spasmodically chronicled and has never been adequately assessed as a whole.

What happened to all those women who took part in equal pay strikes in the early 1970s? What has become of the home-helps and cleaners who rebelled in Labour's fateful winter of discontent, or those Asian female ancillary workers in West London hospitals who desperately resisted privatisation in the early 1980s under Thatcher?

Theirs would be a history not only of women's struggles against inequality with men at work, but also of the larger dimensions of equality, democracy and control.

The historian who wished to trace the submerged shift in consciousness which this accumulated experience has produced, would have to probe indefatigably, like the searchers for coins who can be seen at dawn on beaches with their metal detectors.

The evidence which surfaces more obviously is recorded in brave resolutions at the Women's TUC during the 1980s, supporting Greenham, condemning discrimination against lesbians and gay men and arguing for a fair sexual division of labour in the home. The men have held them at bay, put on ear muffs and spasmodically rallied to their support, bewildered not only by the persistence of the women but by the dissolution of all the customary landmarks which mark their own economic destinies.

The intricate chronicle of women and trades-unionism would be further complicated by the interaction between the women's liberation movement and labour, which has been peculiarly intense in Britain.

In the early 1970s, this was an external affair in which feminists attempted to organise workers, like homeworkers and cleaners who were outside unions. By the mid-1970s, there had been a change of tack. Feminists were themselves organising in their workplaces, mainly as part of the growth of white collar trades unionism.

In this period feminists were combating a punitive tendency to blame women for their subordination at work. "Women are their own worst enemies" was a common refrain from both men and officials. Much feminist writing consequently stressed the demands of domestic labour and argued the need to transform, not only paid employment, but society's organisation of the activity involved in human maintenance and care. Instead of insisting simply on the class equality of workers, the social differences in women's situations were brought to the foreground.

From the late 1970s a much more pessimistic note was being sounded, both in popular journalism, for example by Bea Campbell, and in the theoretical interventions of socialist feminists like Heidi Hartmann. This was partly because of the lack of effect of female workers' struggles on pay and a mounting bitterness against men's sexism in the trade unions. It was also because of the increasing influence of separatist feminism, and exasperation at the persistence of gender-blind theories of class consciousness. As the ebullient rebellions of the early 1970s began to meet with a ferocious offensive from employers, the terms of feminist discussion of the labour movement altered. Instead of asserting gender as one element of workplace relations it began to be the main preoccupation of some feminist writers.

Does an ex-docker or miner driving a cab come to view his class and male identity differently?

During the 1980s much of Bea Campbell's writing has been concerned with male power in the trade union movement, summed up in 1984 as "the men's movement". Recently Cynthia Cockburn has gone on to characterise the social qualities of masculinity as bad and those of femininity as good.

By focusing on gender relations and polarising male and female values moralistically this has created a historical myth which reads back into history as only one conflict—between male and female workers.

This is a bizarre bit of politics for there is extensive evidence to counter it. Indeed, not only in books but in the account of strikes which have been recorded in feminist journals in living memory, there are many examples of race and ethnicity dividing women, of men fighting gender inequality both out of class self-interest and political commitment.

Moreover to hypostatise existing cultural differences as carrying uniform moral qualities, rather than drawing on their social potentials for extensions, interactions and diversity, encloses men and women within fixed categories. Instead of the distortion which reduces social relations to class there is the confirmation of gender. Instead of recognising the strengths of what men and women have done historically as well as their weaknesses we have the false simplicity of baddies and goodies. In the process the exclusive focus on gender removes capital from view.

Countervailing perspectives, which take on a whole range of relations of inequality, are evident in the growing literature on women in economic development and international labour links. These, like feminist studies of environmental health, look at multinational capital and its exploitation of both resources and of people.

There are also now many studies of industries which take into account not simply gender but divisions of race and class. For example, Charlene Gannage, writing of Canadian women garment workers in *Double Day Double Blind* (Women's Press, Toronto 1986) said, "At the present time, we have inherited Marxist theories of the labour process that are gender-blind, and feminist theories of gender ideology that downplay women's work experience. In addition, the literature on work and on women ignores the oppression of workers along ethnic lines."

In *Gender at Work*, a study of the US auto and electronics industries in the 1940s, (University of Illinois Press, 1987), Ruth Milkman argues for an historical and strategic perspective open to uneven and contradictory responses. "It would seem far more fruitful to examine the conditions under which male workers' class interests have prevailed over their gender interests and the conditions under which the opposite has occurred, than to invoke the interests of 'men as men' to explain the dominant historical trend," she says.

Such an approach might enable the social consequences of economic restructuring to be thought through. Does an ex-docker or miner driving a cab come to view his class and male identity differently? What are the political expressions of this uprooting likely to be?

If there is to be solidarity and a democratised labour movement in the future, we have to transcend the historical limits of old ways of thinking, not introduce a set of new ideological blinkers.

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ESSAY BY PATRICK WRIGHT

On a ring and a prayer

The old red telephone boxes have become more than a symbol of architectural merit: they represent the age of social provision—uniform, reliable and available to all. The new Mercury payphones launched last week come in three styles designed to match "different parts of society". Patrick Wright sees them "finally finishing off the idea of universal public service"

Last week, I stood on the concourse of Waterloo Station thinking of the hopes once entertained by Anthony Crosland. As Gaitskell's intellectual in the mid-fifties, Crosland had dreamed of a less austere socialism where the uniformity of the state would weigh less heavily over the life of the nation. The mixed economy could be expected to deliver higher exports and old-age pensions, but only a "change in cultural attitude" would make Britain "a more colourful and civilised country to live in". There should be more night-life and open-air cafes,

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pleasure gardens, repertory theatres and statues to brighten up the new housing estates. There should be better design, not just for furniture and clothes, but also for street-lamps and telephone kiosks. It was the reference to telephone kiosks that brought Crosland to mind.

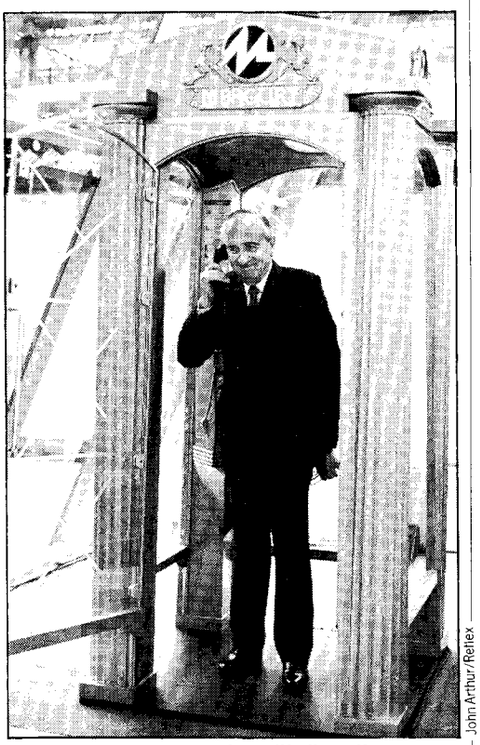
The Royal Corps of Transport Band was warming up the crowd for the launch of Mercury Communications' new payphone system. Here was British Telecom's private rival, much grown since it was first licensed in 1982, leading the latest assault on a public domain where the franchise certainly is being extended. Waterloo Station may once have had the uniform and monotonous look of nationalised space, but in the age of privatisation and niche marketing, it has come to look more like a shopping mall: diversified, colourful and, as Crosland might even agree, apparently more civilised too.

After the band had set us all up with "In the Mood", Gordon Owen, Managing Director of Mercury Communications, got up to announce a "first for Britain". We were standing, as he proudly announced, in a newly "competitive arena". Owen was proud to be cutting into British Telecom's monopoly. Unfettered by a public service obligation of the kind that prevents British Telecom from confining its phone boxes to the most profitable sites, Mercury will be concentrating its state-of-the-art payphones at airports, railway terminii and new shopping malls—while, of course, loudly denying all charges of "cream-skimming". The new phones will be especially convenient for people wanting to make international calls. They will accept the four major credit cards. A special Mercurycard has been introduced, but Owen also looked forward to the day when Mercury's private subscribers, most of which are businesses, will be able to use the company's payphones with the equivalent of a PIN number, logging the charge back onto their own account.

It was then the turn of Lord Young, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, to unveil the new kiosks. Diversity is an essential part of enterprise culture and Mercury certainly wasn't going to make the mistake of coming up with a uniform model for all its locations. There were three models to unveil, each one designed, as Mr Owen put it, to be fitted into "different parts of the society". Fitch & Company had come up with a "totem concept" payphone booth. The result had already been dubbed the "Art Deco" kiosk, but to me it looked less like a totem pole than an extruded fifties-style petrol pump. There was also the model provided by Machin Designs and named the "Ogee Pylon". I was inclined to agree with Gavin Stamp who was telling a reporter that it looked more like an Islington conservatory than a proper public telephone box.

But it was the classical payphone designed by John Simpson and Partners, that made the greatest impact and it was in this kiosk that the next morning's papers would show Lord Young making the inaugural call. John Simpson himself looked slightly disconcerted by the hoots that greeted his cast aluminium kiosk, but he kindly talked me through its distinguishing features. He pointed out the ornate finial on top of the roof—a decorative touch which also serves to provide ventilation and could, if need be, house an aerial. Then there were the winged sphinxes flanking, and indeed struggling to dignify, the Mercury logo. The gap at the bottom of the side panels had been demanded by the brief, and was partly intended to discourage dossers from treating this new service as a public convenience of a different kind. The fluted columns at the corners were certainly ornamental, but they also had the practical advantage of providing a curved edge which would be less easy to vandalise.

How, I wondered briefly, would one explain all this to Anthony Crosland? It was at the end of November 1987 that John Butcher, junior industry minister, had announced the government's decision to break up British Telecom's callbox monopoly. "The idea," as he said at the time, "is to see a much greater number of different types



John Arthur/Reflex

Lord Young: getting to grips with diversity

of call boxes installed and available to the public, and to provide British Telecom with competition." Launched as the "flagship" of the privatisation programme in November 1984, BT had seemed to work fine for a while. Chairman Sir George Jefferson and chief executive Iain Vallance made all the right noises as they sailed off into the new world. They promised to shake off the grim legacies of nationalisation and turn their overmanned, badly managed and ill-equipped organisation into a leaner, more responsive operation which would be both profitable and better for its customers

By 1987 British Telecom was certainly declaring huge profits but it was also coming under fire from all sides. In three short years, the flagship of privatisation had been renamed the "most loathed institution in Britain". Consumer surveys declared British Telecom the worst public service in the land. There was evidence of overcharging. The long-promised technological improvements had caused havoc. As the service declined and complaints soared, British Telecom set about squandering huge fortunes on advertising campaigns designed to massage public opinion. It was apparently considered easier to establish a new "corporate image" than to improve the service.

British Telecom tried to counter the mounting tide of criticism. It blamed its own engineers, who had been on strike earlier in 1987. It blamed the fact that it had once been a nationalised industry, and was therefore full of sullen and morose employees who couldn't all be retrained in a day. It blamed vandals for the problems with its call boxes—some 25 per cent of which were found to be out of action in a damning survey conducted by the regulatory body Oftel. Indeed, it even toured an exhibition of vandalised payphones around the nation's schools to show the odds it was up against. In the end, however, it caved in. Chairman Sir George Jefferson may have distinguished himself earlier at the newly privatised British Airways, but he resigned ignominiously from BT at the AGM of September 1987.

Newspapers had been quick to interpret the story. For the *Daily Telegraph*, the chaos in British Telecom didn't raise doubts about privatisation, but provided yet more support for the dogmas of liberal theory: privatise a nationalised industry without breaking it up into competing units, and all you get is a private monopoly. The *Guardian* drew broadly comparable conclusions.

British Telecom was displaying the "classic symptoms of a monopoly". Nobody bothered to recall how in the old days of the Post Office, there had been a strong case for the essential *uniformity* of a public service like the telephone system. If it had once seemed obvious that the telephone network should be run by a single public body, this idea was lost now that BT had been turned into a private and manifestly incompetent monopoly.

Such is the general background to the Mercury payphones, but how, as Mr Crosland himself might have asked, do we account for the style of the most eye-catching model? Why should the new kiosk look like a crudely engineered collision between the Tardis and a wedding cake? What could possibly motivate this absurd design?

At the beginning of 1985, Mr Iain Vallance, then managing director of BT's Local Communications Service, announced that his organisation would be taking a "radical approach to the problems inherent in today's outdated payphone service". Those old coin-operated red telephone boxes would soon be a thing of the past, replaced by yellow anodised aluminium kiosks and cardphones. Privatisation hadn't freed BT of its public service obligation, but there was need for more efficient and vandal-proof facilities. Behind all the smooth talk, however, many suspected a hidden motivation. The newly privatised BT was concerned to be profitable, and a redesign would not just help to create that much desired new "corporate image". It would also provide the perfect cover under which a discreet

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reorganisation of the service could be carried out.

The man who launched the redesign has since replaced Sir George Jefferson as chairman. Questioned by BT shareholders devoted to the old red phone boxes at last weeks AGM, Mr Vallance insisted that "there is no accounting for taste". In fact, his newly privatised industry had already found a very good way of accounting for taste. If the old phone boxes had their admirers, then so much the better. They could be auctioned off, and long may demand outrun supply.

It was the Thirties Society that initiated the defence of the old red phone box. Denouncing the auctions as a squalid asset-stripping of the public sector, it quickly extended the traditions of cultural connoisseurship to street furniture. Where the philistine Mr Vallance saw only "outdated" payphones, these campaigners recognised significant works of architecture: "wholly classical in spirit" and designed by no less a figure than Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. And his Jubilee kiosk, designed in 1936, was the model that became an "established British institution", as BT itself admits. It was distinguished not just by its design, but also by the uniformity of its presence. It was the same all over the country, a characteristic feature of the national landscape.

Mr Vallance's new "payphones" have many shortcomings, but the most significant change was surely the fact that, from now on, there would no longer be one type of booth to be used in all places. Paving the way for Mercury's more exclusive collection, BT's new range had been designed so that different models could, to repeat the words of Gordon Owen, be "put in different parts of the society". The new kiosks represented BT's modest contribution to growing social polarisation. Nobody would get a door anymore, but respectable users would still be offered a roof, some walling and a choice between cash and cardphone. The new underclass would be lucky to get a pre-vandalised metal stump with an armoured cardphone bolted onto it.

The defence of the Scott kiosk carried on apace. In August 1986, a K2 kiosk in London Zoo's Parrot House became the first telephone box to receive listed building status. An old public service which had become indefensible as a "private monopoly" could at least be saved as part of the nation's architectural heritage. Meanwhile, the "quality" newspapers—themselves torn between their old ways and frenzied modernisation—were starting to print rousing letters in defence of the old red phone box, some of them coming from expatriates who were still shocked by the passing of steam engines and the threepenny bit. Richard Boston contributed a wistful article to the *Guardian*, but it was the Conservative press that delivered the most forceful lamentations, stressing the uniformity of the old kiosk.

Writing in The *Times*, Roger Scruton regretted the "tyrannical pursuit of novelty" and the inevitable but "horrifying advance of science". For him the Scott kiosk was one of the last creations of a "disciplined tradition of design whose products also include the Gothic factory, the Palladian clubhouse, the Pullman railway carriage and the Bombay shirt." He didn't mind what a phone box looked like in a place like Birmingham ("where modern architects have already done their work"). But the Scott kiosk should continue to grace real England—every village green, every moor, every hillside should have one—as an emblem of stability. He liked the plinth and classical outline, the colour (imperial red), the embossed crown which, far from just serving as a ventilator, stood over the nation's communications as a "symbol of national identity, and promise of enduring government". He even managed to approve an "interesting suggestion of Bauhaus naughtiness in its fenestration".

Charles Moore, editor of the *Spectator*, took up the subject in the *Daily Telegraph*. For him the Scott kiosk spoke most evocatively of enduring national values at the very point where it was being broken up by Telecom's brutish workforce. More ambitious for the nation than Scruton, he argued that the Scott kiosk could actually exert a civilising influence in those urban areas which had been ruined by modernism and the welfare state. Even in the most dismal post-war housing estate the old red telephone box could signify dignity and charm, and hold out hopes of a return to better ways. BT's decision

> *Simpson's monstrous contrivance is the true telephone box of our times*

to replace these kiosks was a classic example of the British ability to spit on our luck.

Gavin Stamp had launched the defence of the old red telephone box as chairman of the Thirties Society in 1985. As architecture correspondent of the *Spectator*, he advanced his own intriguingly volatile version of the argument. As a man who found himself increasingly disturbed by the government's "blinkered refused to recognise the valuable and essential role" of the public sector, he valued the Scott kiosk not just as a work of architecture which may well have been inspired by no less a figure than Sir John Soane, but as a "sympathetic and serviceable" piece of street furniture.

At last we were really getting somewhere. Would Gavin Stamp be the man to place the blame where it obviously belonged—on privatisation itself? Would he even come to the conclusion that the only way of defending the Scott kiosk and the standards of service that it symbolised was to nationalise British Telecom immediately? BT must have sensed the risk, for at that moment Mr Stamp's own phone near King's Cross seemed to go permanently out of order, forcing him to conduct his business through "new, squalid kiosks" which had already been "conspicuously disfigured by a rash of prostitutes' sticky advertisements on the windows." Frustration and justifed anger at this "monstrous private monopoly" took over and the argument never quite got followed through.

The *Spectator* tried to hold three different positions on British Telecom at once. It remained unwavering in its advocacy of privatisation. It was anxious to see the old red telephone box saved. It wanted to see improvement and indeed innovation in British Telecom's service. A Telecom Horror contest was launched, with a redundant Scott kiosk going as a prize to the man who came up with the worst disaster story.

It was a sense of guilt as well as shame that established the Scott kiosk as such an evocative symbol in the camp of the privateers. But no amount of architectural talk about its fenestration, its plinth and its delicately domed top, could hide the new meaning that the endangered Scott kiosk was acquiring by the day. Far from standing as a transcending image of authority, as Roger Scruton hopefully imagined, the embossed crown on the Scott kiosk was actually the mark of the old post office. As the privatisation programme rolled on, the old red telephone box became symbolic of endangered ideals of public service. It become the nostalgic emblem of a social provision which, it suggested, could and should be reliable, uniform and equally available to all.

In the real world, meanwhile, Mercury is offering increased polarisation in the "payphone system" and a range of conspicuously ill-mannered phone-booths which shriek "design" at a citizen who is now only distinguished by the credit cards in his wallet. The classical kiosk, however, has a special meaning of its own. John Simpson, its designer, is a young architect who has made a considerable reputation (even though he has actually built very little) in the classical revival which is being so vigorously promoted by ideologues like Roger Scruton.

As a self-styled "real architect", he is also, of course, a great admirer of the old red telephone box. Indeed, his classical kiosk is intended to be firmly in the tradition of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. Mercury's gaudy logo makes a poor substitute for the embossed crown of the Scott Kiosk. But at least, as Simpson claims in his publicity handout, his kiosk is a building rather than just a piece of nondescript and disposable street furniture. Unlike BT's new payphones, it is designed to form "part of the traditional urban townscape". Indeed, it should be sited "in the manner of statues or fountains to enhance the quality of public space". Simpson would have liked to see his cast-aluminium classical kiosk issued in red or maroon, but Mercury obviously balked at erecting an obvious memorial to its rival's better days. Ostensibly a tribute to the old red telephone box, Simpson's classical kiosk is not just another piece of trivial postmodern pastiche. It is the monstrous contrivance which finally finishes off the idea of universal public service by reducing it entirely to a matter of style. It is also, as Roger Scruton will doubtless recognise, the true telephone box of our times.

What would Mr Crosland say about the change of "cultural attitude" that has brought us these new designs? I imagine he would want his money back or at least be able to press Button B.

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Expanding contractors

The privatisation of local authority services continues apace. But does it really mean more competition and greater efficiency? James Stephenson investigates the murky world of the private contractor

"Most of the savings from contracting out arise because contractors offer poorer conditions of employment. Contractors in the ancillary services usually offer similar basic rates of pay ranging from 10 per cent less to a few pence more in some cases, but they eliminate costly bonus schemes and overtime working. The difference in total labour cost may typically be of the order of 25 per cent. Pensions are the main single element in it."

You might expect this assessment of the results of putting out public sector contracts to tender to have come from opponents of privatisation. Instead it is to be found in a Treasury report published in 1986 called *Using Private Enterprise in Government*. The Treasury report is part of the evidence about the record of contracting out public sector services gathered together by Manchester Council's enforced tendering team. The result is a two-volume Contractors' Audit, published last week.

Six sectors of contracting out are identified in the report. They are: catering, grounds maintainence, vehicle maintainence, refuse collection and street cleaning, cleaning, and leisure management. The current importance of the sectors in contracting out varies considerably. For instance, there are no public sector contracts listed in the leisure sector, but this seems bound to change if councils' sporting and other leisure facilities are put out to tender, as the government has proposed.

Growth forecasts for the various sectors also vary. Relatively slow growth is predicted in catering, cleaning and vehicle maintainence. By contrast, the management and disposal of waste seems likely to boom with an average of 180 local authority tenders a year between 1989 and 1992. This compares with the existing peak year of 1982, when the industry was "flat out" dealing with 24 privatisations.

Where growth prospects are sluggish, private contractors tend to lobby for a widening of their role. In the hospital cleaning sector there is pressure to extend contracts to so-called "ward assistants". This would relieve nurses of many of their menial functions. In general, as Eric Green of the Contract Cleaning and Maintainence Association has put it: "In the local government scene you can be sure that the contractors will be coming forward with similar imaginative schemes to enhance the value of their business."

The second volume of Manchester's audit collates all the available information on companies which have been involved in tendering. Information on many of these is scant. Gardner Merchant—a subsidiary of Trusthouse Forte—is the biggest contract catering company. But the report has no information beyond the straightforward financial accounts. The Manchester council unit hopes to build upon its research, to provide a running database as new information becomes available.

What is not immediately apparent from the list is the extent to which companies have got their corporate fingers in more than one pie. Pritchard Services, for example (see the table below), currently has local authority refuse contracts in Bath and South Oxfordshire. In 1986, Pritchard was bought by ADT (Bermuda)—after several years in which Pritchard itself had been buying up everything in sight. ADT owns several other refuse collection companies, including Taskmasters, which has contracts in Merton and Tandridge.

The complications do not end there. Earlier this year, ADT sold Pritchard to its only serious rival in refuse collection, BET. BET has a number of refuse companies, including Exclusive, which it owns indirectly through the Biffa Group.

Tendering conglomerates are no respecters of the divisions between

"The proliferation of company names creates the impression of greater competition. But with ownership becoming concentrated into fewer holding companies, that impression is misleading"

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Carlos Guarita/Reflex

Pritchard got Wandsworth's waste disposal contract, but later lost it

various sectors of privatisation. To continue the BET example, the holding company also owns Initial plc. Initial has won almost 30 per cent of the contracted out cleaning work from the NHS in the last five years.

The National Freight Consortium is another example. It owns Waste Management Limited, which has two refuse collection contracts. It also owns British Road Services which has five public sector vehicle maintainence contracts. The proliferation of company names creates the impression of greater competition. But with ownership becoming concentrated into fewer and fewer holding companies, that impression is misleading.

Vehicle maintainence provides a clear example of apparent but illusory competition. Until last month, Transfleet Services Limited held three of the four local authority contracts so far agreed. Mitchell Cotts Transport Services Limited held the other. But then Transfleet took over Mitchell Cotts, so that for the moment the combined enterprise has the market sewn up. The defenders of privatisation claim to be unperturbed at the bad record of some companies: if a company loses a contract as a result of bad performance, that simply demonstrates that the free market is working effectively. But the trend towards amalgamation and conglomeration means that there is very little competition: even if an operator loses one contract, it can usually pick up another one quickly enough—there are just too few companies in the field.

More informal networks operate on the boards of the various companies. The example of Mr W M Pybus shows that the overlaps between companies don't simply have to be a matter of ownership. Pybus is chairman of Leigh interests plc, refuse collectors and street cleaners. But he also chairs AAH holdings, parent of RB Tyler Group, owner of Teamwaste, another refuse disposal firm. Denis Thatcher, interestingly enough, turns up on the board of Attwoods, a refuse collection firm.

Perhaps the biggest problem with putting functions out to private operators is that they cannot always be relied upon to deliver. Manchester recommends: tighter specifications and contract conditions, comprehensive monitoring and inspection together with financial penalties, and thorough tender evaluation to eliminate technically inferior tenders. A particular worry here is the so-called loss leader bid. The firm effectively pays for the contract and then tries to recoup its losses. Under existing contracts, Manchester found that average job losses from contracting out varied from 24 per cent in cleaning to 46 per cent in vehicle maintainence. If tighter safeguards are imposed, job losses would be fewer. The tendering unit estimates that 19 per cent of the council's 6,866 direct labour would have to go.

Even Wandsworth, the standard-bearer of the march into the brave new world of tendering, acknowledges the problem. A 1985 council report says that: "Experience shows that a high level of supervision on the Council's part is essential in order to inspect thoroughly and on a daily basis. The high level of defaults being recorded requires a greater administrative input into the council's management of the contract than was originally foreseen: the same applies to the recording of default points, the issue of rectification notices, the preparation of monthly statements and payments, and the monitoring of the contractor's workforce." In other words, privatisation turns out not to be as simple as it looked.

Keeping bad company

The following are some of the more persistent offenders. This is not an exhaustive list of all their sins, nor of all the worst companies.

1) Initial Contract Services Ltd
Turnover: £21 million
Profit: £3 million
Employees: 14,000
Average pay: £1,800
Pay to directors: £136,000
Initial has had five local authority contracts terminated for poor standards. They are Dudley, Cambridgeshire, Manchester, Gloucester and Kennet.

2) Exclusive Cleansing Services
Turnover: £11 million
Profit: £620,000
Employees: 873
Average pay: £6,468
Pay to directors: £108,000
Exclusive currently has nine refuse or street cleaning contracts. It has lost six since 1980, including three which returned to direct council labour. In 1984, the Central Arbitration Committee ruled that Exclusive had contravened the Fair Wages Resolution. Vehicle drivers' pay was increased by £4 a week and their working week reduced from 45 to 39 hours. Street cleaners and refuse collectors also had an hour knocked off their day.

3) Compass Group
Turnover: £261,000
Profit: £17,000
Employees: 21,000
Average pay: £4,576
Pay to directors: £339,000
Compass holds nine public sector catering contracts. An environmental health officer's report last year into one of the five NHS kitchens which the company runs, described it as "utterly deplorable and abominable." The report went on, "The standard of supervision of staff in the kitchen was unsatisfactory, and the practice generally poor. Management arrangements appeared to be almost non-existent, and there was a very frequent change over of agency staff with inadequate supervision."

4) Spinneys
Turnover: £38 million
Profit £6.4 million
Employees: 1,200
Average pay: £5,800
Pay to directors: £257,000
Spinneys was fined £1,750 and had to pay costs after being successfully taken to court by north Avon district council over the condition of Frenchay hospital. Food inspectors found dirt and debris, live and dead cockroaches and discarded food littering the kitchen.

5) ARA Services
Turnover: £49 million
Profit: £1.8 million
Employees: 3,900
Average pay: not known
Pay to directors: £252,000
ARA Services were fined after 240 defaults last year on a Wandsworth social services catering contract. The council had to employ an extra supervisor to monitor the contract. ARA also gained unfavourable press publicity by charging £1 per glass of beer at the Live Aid concert at Wembley in 1985. Out of an estimated turnover of £250,000, they finally made a donation of £1,000.

6)Office Cleaning Services
Turnover: £115 million
Profit: £6 million
Employees: 26,000
Average pay: £2,400
Pay to directors: £688,000
OCS withdrew from a contract to clean Dudley schools after complaints in 1984. The company has also had troubles at Addenbrooke's hospital in Cambridge. NUPE reported that, "In February 1987 the contract was reported to be costing the health authority £1,040,000. That's £315,000 more than the price originally agreed with private contractors OCS Hospital Services. It's also £200,000 more than the bid submitted by the in-house team in 1984 when the contract was awarded."

7) Pritchard Services
Turnover: £412 million
Profit: £10 million
Employees: 56,000
Pay to directors: £389,000
Lost contract in Wandsworth in February 1987 after six times as many default notices had been issued as would have been necessary for termination. In July 1984 they were fined £8,500 at Henley Crown Court for overloading vehicles. 212 out of 474 of its dumper truck tippings were illegally overloaded.

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David Hoffman

Some young blacks say the police have been allowed to take over the Carnival

Chaos of Carnival

Misdirected police action and the forces of gentrification are combining to split the Notting Hill black community. Max Farrar reports on how the Carnival has become a symbol around which a whole series of forces has coalesced

Preparations for the Notting Hill Carnival this year are producing unprecedented tension in the area, which many fear could lead to violent eruptions in the next few weeks.

The difference between this and the previous 13 years is that it's the Carnival Arts Committee that is increasingly becoming the target for most of the hostility both in the black community and outside.

Management consultants Coopers and Lybrand have produced a report, yet to be published, criticising the committee's "laid back" management, which it claims makes policing difficult. And it attacks the committee for being open to corruption. It says it is too dependent on public funds and represents neither the community nor the performers.

The black community is also unhappy. Norton McLean, for example, is furious. He's just resigned from the Carnival committee after three years service; "The committee is fucking rubbish. They've let the police take over the Carnival." Norton is young and black—just the sort of person currently under attack from the newly elected Conservative MP for the area, Dudley Fishburn, and other politicians who are calling for the Carnival to be moved to Hyde Park or (in a hideous irony) Wormwood Scrubs. They claim it's a hotbed of crime and a menace to local residents.

It's the split between young blacks like Norton and the official Carnival Arts Committee on how these attacks should be countered that is causing real furore. "The committee says that black youths are not part of the Carnival, but we are the black British bulldog. All this is part of our life," says Norton. His friend forcefully adds: "We have been at the Carnival from the beginning. Our music is everywhere throughout Britain, we really know about it. The Carnival people just dress up in these funny costumes once a year."

The tension between the youths and the older figures of the local black "establishment" might not be so serious if the police—whether intentionally or not—hadn't undermined the latter's precarious authority. A key event seems to have been a raid by the police on 20 May on the Mangrove Club, a popular place for local blacks in All Saint's Road.

One of the 21 people arrested for alleged drugs offences was Frank Critchlow, a legendary figure in the black community of Notting Hill for the past 30 years, active in Carnival planning in the past. The local black community has been outraged at the arrest. "Frank don't even puff at a spliff," they say.

In the office above the Mangrove Club, Carol Scott, a young black woman who gave up a good salary in a city centre office to work voluntarily with Frank Critchlow and the small team which runs the Mangrove's innumerable community projects, says that his arrest is an outrage which will only cause further problems in the community. "Frank sits on a bubbling dustbin lid," she says. "When other black areas were rioting last time, nothing happened in this area because Frank has such influence with the community—but no one thanked him, and now they arrest him, when everybody knows he doesn't touch drugs."

The personal cost paid by Frank Critchlow is also high. He is banned by his bail conditions from setting foot in All Saint's Road. He cannot run his restaurant. Because of the charges, all his finances are frozen. In five and a half weeks locked up in Wormwood Scrubs before getting bail he lost a stone and a half. A man whose energy has fuelled the 'Grove for so long, he is being visibly reduced in stature by the debilitating and demeaning experience of waiting for his trial. "Thirty years of my life, to get this," he says. "The judge says I am a threat to public safety—I couldn't believe what I was hearing."

Blues. a slightly-built middle-aged man on a social work course, says that he's been stopped and searched three times recently. "I refused to let them do it in public, so they took me to the police station and strip searched me," he says. He's never been charged. "They do it just for harassment," he says.

Baron Beaker, a 62 year old who stayed in Britain after serving in the Royal Air Force in the war says in a resigned voice, having been through this many times before, "They're trying to catch somebody. Wherever you get a congregation of black people that area is under a police siege. We need police to control the streets, but when they over-react, that's when it causes tensions and confrontations. That is what they are doing now."

These three men are not the young street blacks who usually have problems with the police. They are older and presumably wiser—so what is going on? It's an easier question to ask than answer. For many of the major participants, the Carnival itself has become a symbol around which

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other larger forces have coalesced, and in the highly-charged atmosphere, mistrust becomes endemic. Which is not to say that it's unjustified. Most black people in Notting Hill Gate believe that this escalation in tension before the Carnival has been deliberately engineered for sinister reasons that have nothing to do with the Carnival.

Jebb Johnson, another young Mangrove volunteer, says: "Frank Critchlow is seen as a symbol of resistance to the gentrification of the area—the gentrification don't want Caribbean street culture." A popular election slogan was "Carnival Yes, Yuppies No". House prices in the borough are rocketing, and the disparity between the rich white southern part (male unemployment 2 per cent) and the northern area of black settlement (male unemployment 20 per cent) becomes more stark day by day. Notting Hill has become an area of prime real estate in which material interests are sharpened.

Michael Hutchinson-Reis, a black activist who has worked on policing issues in Broadwater Farm and Brixton, puts it like this: "Just as the Greeks and the Turks were put out of the posh areas of Islington while I was growing up there in the sixties, and the white English working class have been dislodged from the Docklands, the property developers want to get rid of the black people from Notting Hill—especially those who own the big Georgian houses."

Many people in the area feel that these developers are using the issues of colour to further their cause. Playing the racist card, they pick up on the media-engineered mythology of black youth crime and use the annual assembly of the Carnival to focus their forces. These fears are thick in the air around the streets of Notting Hill Gate. The police, some people believe, also appear to be tacitly supporting the new interests.

So, although there have always been problems with some police officers, this year they have combined with forces that seem to be attacking the very fabric of black life in this area. In the past, Mangrove workers say that they have had good relationships with local senior officers. "I have seen 12 police superintendents over the years," says Frank Critchlow, "They always send all their officers to get to know me." He believes the raid on the Mangrove was carried out by a mobile drug squad with no connections with local police.

People like Frank Critchlow, who have absorbed and defused the tension created by external influences for so long, now find they are victims themselves. On the other side, the carnival organisers and other community workers find that they are under attack from the young blacks, whose frustration is clearly mounting as the Carnival approaches. And the Carnival Arts Committee is having the hardest time of all.

Carlos Guarita/Reflex

Frank Critchlow . . . a major influence in the community who has had his authority undermined

At the committee's offices, the treasurer and media spokesperson, a well-spoken young black man fends off a stream of telephone and security-door callers with an impressive mixture of politeness and verbal force. Victor Critchlow, Frank's brother, and a committee member, doesn't want to talk about the policing issue. With a long history of promoting the best in black culture and entertainment in Britain, Victor Critchlow wants the media to look at the positive aspects of the Carnival. He speaks of the success of the Carnival as a truly multicultural celebration. No one can doubt his claim that the Carnival, with a million and a half spectators who fill the hotels and spend vast amounts of cash, is a major boost to the local economy. According to one estimate, it generate £12 million each year.

Victor Critchlow is deeply depressed about the wider assaults on the lives of black people in Notting Hill Gate. He knows that the heat is on the Carnival, and he implies that one of its sources is racism. "If this was a white committee creating this scale of entertainment, there would be praise, not pressure."

His brother is worried that the youths will "play into the police's hands". Calling for his bail conditions to be lifted, he says: "If I reached the streets tomorrow there would be different vibes immediately." Playing his role as chief steward, he would marshal the 150 or so responsible local people to influence the crowd and ensure reasonable behaviour.

But the chances of this happening seem remote. Darcus Howe, a former chairperson of the Carnival committee says the current committee is incapable of organising a proper Carnival. He says it lacks the necessary experience and, more particularly, is incapable of marshalling its forces to deal with the police.

"Ever since 1974 the conflict between the Carnival and the police has been going on. Why have the police won this year? With over a million supporters how can this committee lose? They are middle-aged failed entrepreneurs, marginal people who can only make concessions. It is young people, under the age of 35, who should now be in charge, otherwise we will see the destruction of the Carnival."

In situations of acute conflict, the closest target is always the one that comes in for attack. The Carnival Arts Committee is hemmed in from all sides, when all it wants to do is provide the best pageant in the world. What it is failing to see is that the Carnival is a symbol of larger political and social forces now and unless some serious rethinking is done, says Howe, "Eventually circumstances will force people to organise themselves politically."

Poll tax hardest on blacks

The local government finance act, which will replace the differential rates system with a standard poll tax for all local residents is causing deep concern in black communities.

Sylvia Cedras, a black hospital cleaner, earns £90 a week, and lives with her three children. She will have to pay £397 per year, nearly three times as much as she does at present. "I feel," she says, "that as black people we are being penalised because we tend to stay together as a family, and because we are poor."

It is well known that the most acute problems will occur in inner city areas where council spending has been high in response to difficult social and economic conditions. Those people who are worst off will suffer the greatest hardships as a result of the poll tax.

Statistics show that 69 per cent of ethnic minorities live in these areas, often in overcrowded and old accommodation.

The situation for black people will be particularly hard. They generally face higher than average levels of unemployment, and are likely, if employed, to be among the lowest paid workers.

The tradition of the extended family system means that household bills will shoot up. A 1984 Policy Studies Institute report showed, for example, that 29 per cent of Asian households and 11 per cent of Afro-Caribbean households had more than six adults—which only 3 per cent of white households did.

What is particularly worrying to the community is that the poll tax could break up the extended family system which has sustained the communities in the past. In Glasgow, Mohamed Bashir faces a poll tax bill of £3,200 for his family of eight. He pays £1,100 at present. A few weeks ago he was forced to give up the small grocery store that was the family's livelihood. "It is going to split the families. If parents cannot afford to pay the children's poll tax, we will be forced to tell them to go, and then God help them." *Seetha Kumar.*

Race and Society is edited by Yasmin Alibhai.

Race and Society will next appear in the 2 September issue of New Statesman and Society.

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Who is to blame?

Child psychiatrist Dr Arnon Bentovim rejects suggestions that his approach to the sexual abuse of children fails to hold male abusers responsible

Mary MacLeod and Esther Saraga put forward a powerful message about listening to children who are sexually abused, and empowering their mothers to protect them ("Against orthodoxy", *NSS*, 1 July). But they imply the "orthodox" approach that my colleagues and I represent would do something very different. In particular, they suggest that I try to play down the role of the male abuser. They ignore exactly the same arguments that I and colleagues Anne Elton, Judy Hildebrand, Marianne Tranter and Eileen Vizard put forward in other parts of the book describing the approach of our team (*Child Sexual Abuse Within the Family*).

Our belief, echoed in the book, is that children have to be protected absolutely, and that the first task must be to build up the self-esteem of abused children and to strengthen the bond between mothers and children. Mothers must be empowered with control over the monitoring and access of fathers and we advocate that, for any possibility of rehabilitation, mothers must have a dominant role in the family.

Although MacLeod and Saraga criticise some of our findings, which we emphasise only begin to describe the situation, they do not give the statistics showing where children live after we have treated them. In a follow-up survey, reported in the book, we found only 15 per cent of families were rehabilitated, with the abused child living with both parents; 30 per cent of the children were living with their mothers; 25 per cent were living in new families because neither parent was able to be protective; and 20 per cent of the children were living independently. These results are not those of a group of workers dedicated to maintaining the family at all costs, or to minimise the role of the abuser and men.

The first statement we make in our book is that child sexual abuse has come to public notice through the actions of those concerned with child abuse, and from the attention given to the problem by feminists. Indeed we have found many of the notions that arise from the feminist analysis extremely helpful in thinking about our approach. We find it sad, therefore, that we should be seen as taking an opposing and incompatible stance.

MacLeod and Saraga's criticism of family systems approaches are wild, taking aspects of what the book puts forward, distorting them and making attributions to fit their views. To say we do not explore the statistics that 96 per cent of abusers were men seems ill founded, since a review of the literature about what makes men abuse follows the section they quote.

They point out that our statistics do not support an intergenerational notion of abuse, ignoring our book's strong statement that the incidence of various problems in family members was a minimum estimate because of the way we gathered statistics.

Clinically, the continuities are extremely powerful. Susannah Cochrane's painful article "Torn apart at home" (in the same issue of *NSS*) is a perfect example of why there is a need to go beyond the level of the perspective of abuser and abuse. How was it possible for Cochrane's husband to avoid facing the fact that his own father had abused his child? What are the factors within the family living together that can produce such failure to see and failures to know? Obviously arguments to do with male socialisation and issues of power are all-important and must not be denied. But there are other characteristics of the family as a living group that need to be described if we are to find ways of intervening helpfully so that people can face what they are terrified of knowing: family systems theory helps to clarify these issues.

That MacLeod or Saraga should suggest I am subscribing to the rationalisation of Brian who "found himself" abusing a four year old, seems quite extraordinary. The example was to illustrate the absurdities men can make themselves believe in to rationalise their actions.

There is no question that abusing and being abused are the same activities, but the effect of being abused is as great in boys and girls, and has as powerful an effect on men as women when they become adult. Of course we need a far greater amount of research to help us understand the factors that initiate and maintain sexually abusive behaviour both within and without the family. Thus it is essential that we develop comprehensive treatment approaches that attempt to meet the whole problem and not just a part of it. Our book tries to describe the enormous complexity of the task.

There are issues in family systems theories approaches that should be taken up and there is a need for a critical analysis of the issues. Many levels of description exist when trying to capture the complexity of the individual, family and society. I believe we should attempt to hold on to complexity, not to lose it. In an article in the *Journal of Family Therapy*, I attempted to address one of the main issues facing the family therapy field. There is no question about the therapeutic power of the family systems approaches that attempt to use the strength of the family rather than reduce it to its parts, and there is some impressive research demonstrating this. But there are problems where violence and child abuse occurs within a family.

Seeing the whole family as patients can, as MacLeod and Saraga argue, blur the issues of the parents' responsibilities as well as their rights. Attempts to see all actions as interconnecting, thereby reducing the adults' responsibility for abusive and destructive actions, is a risk.

I argued that even if a family therapist felt it was within his range of competence to reverse the factors that led to abuse and to change the structure of the family, in doing so he becomes a child care agent. His allegiance towards all members of the family could not absolve him from that responsibility. Family systems ideas are extremely helpful in understanding the complex interactions and connections occurring in situations where abuse occurs: but it is essential to listen to and focus on the needs of the abused child, to support the non-abusing parent so the child is protected, and to control the abuser, using the combined services of the criminal justice and child care system.

Individual needs for specific therapeutic help must be assessed, including the specific treatments advocated for offenders. All professionals must work closely together and a variety of family systems interventions have their place alongside other necessary approaches to achieve treatment goals. No one orientation is going to help the complex problems associated with child sexual abuse in the family, so we need all the instruments of understanding we can get. And we need to avoid unnecessary conflicts. These will lead only to the wholesale disqualification of the issue by those who do not want to know that there is a problem.

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The stranglehold tightens on council housing

New proposals to reform council housing finance will increase rents, force the poor to subsidise the poor, and make it easier to sell off estates. Nick Fielding reports

The proposals, set out in a consultative paper published last week just before the parliamentary recess, are designed to "ring-fence" council housing revenue accounts: they will stop councils using rate money to subsidise rents, and vice versa.

The new arrangements would be introduced as part of a housing bill in the next session of parliament. Environment Secretary Nicholas Ridley proposes from April 1990 to replace housing subsidy (a grant to help councils build houses), rate fund contributions (money from rates to subsidise rents) and the rent rebate element of housing benefit subsidy (the money central government gives councils to reimburse their housing benefit payments to council tenants) with a new "housing revenue account subsidy".

Ridley argues that inefficient housing departments would no longer be able to hide their bad management by making transfers from their rate fund to the housing revenue account. At present around 45 local authorities which receive housing subsidy—mostly Labour ones with large modern stocks in inner city areas—make such transfers.

Transfers would still be allowed, but at levels decided by government. Rent rises would be bound to occur, the paper states, but a three-year transition period would ensure they didn't increase too quickly. The Association of London Authorities estimates that some inner city boroughs would have to impose rises of up to £20 per week.

The 125 councils—mostly Conservative—who at present make a surplus on their rent account, and transfer it to the rate fund to subsidise the rates, will face a different kind of constraint. Such transfers will only be allowed if the whole housing revenue account is in balance—rent surpluses will go back to the Exchequer to pay off housing benefit subsidy and any other money received from central government. This means council tenants in some boroughs, particularly those in smaller, rural areas, could end up paying the cost of housing benefit received by their neighbours. Council's won't be able to respond by reducing their rents: that will simply mean that the government cuts their housing subsidy as well.

Several questions remain to be answered about the new proposals. First, DoE officials admit that they have no clear idea of how to gauge how much any particular council should receive. Councils will get subsidy to make good any deficit which would arise if the housing were managed with "reasonable efficiency". But the DoE has very little data on which to base comparisons.

Second, the proposals make no reference to the practice of councils "loading up" their rent accounts with charges which ought to be put in other accounts. This abuse has been a constant source of irritation to those groups of tenants who have audited their housing revenue accounts and have found that they, and not all ratepayers are being charged for, for example, park maintenance, roads, lighting, and warden costs in sheltered housing.

Third the proposals, which contain a hidden agenda of making it easier to sort out the finance of selling estates, do not resolve the problem of how to deal with the sometimes enormous debt charges hanging over any sell-off. There may well be another paper on this subject later in the year.

If enacted, these proposals will mean complete central government control over all aspects of housing finance, a higher rent burden for those who choose to remain council tenants, and an unprecedented move towards using rent from one group of council tenants to subsidise another. An end to local authority housing, except as a most basic residual sector, moves ever closer.

WELFARE WATCH

At last! Good news for claimants. From the autumn they'll be able to receive money from charities without losing benefit

Mr Michael Portillo, recently translated from parliamentary secretary at the DHSS to transport minister, is said to have been anxious to perform one good deed during his stay at Richmond House. He managed it with only a few days to spare, by announcing a change in the income support rules which will make life easier for claimants, officials and, not least, charities.

Government policy in recent years has been to encourage charities to fill the gaps created by cuts in state benefits. Until 1982, an occasional gift of up to £20 was ignored for supplementary benefit purposes, but the limit was then raised to £100. A claimant could receive several £100 gifts from charities or other sources in the course of a year without any loss of benefit.

The new income support and housing benefit rules introduced a new rule, from 11 April. At first sight it looked no less generous but it proved to be something of a nightmare. Occasional charitable gifts up to a total of £250 in any 52-week period are now treated as capital rather than income. As capital of £3,000 or less does not affect benefit entitlement, charities can make occasional gifts of up to £250 per year to people on income support.

The snag in this arrangement is that the £250 limit applies to gifts from all sources. A charity may not know, when making a grant, that the recipient has already received one or more gifts in recent months. Even if they do know, they cannot tell whether the person's benefit will be affected without first finding out on what date the relevant 52-week period started, which will normally be known only by the DHSS (it depends on the date of the first gift).

If a charity accidentally makes a payment to someone who has already reached the £250 limit, the result is disastrous. The whole of the payment will be deducted from the person's income support entitlement by weekly instalments over the remainder of the 52-week period.

To avoid this risk, charities have been making use of another regulation under which payments to third parties are ignored provided that they are not for basic needs like food, fuel, clothing and rent. Apart from the absurdity of sending a cheque payable to a travel agent or furniture store when what is needed is money to feed the children, it involves unnecessary work for the giver and is demeaning for the recipient.

Happily, common sense, personified by Mr Portillo, has won the day. The £250 limit is to be abolished by amending regulations which are expected to be made in the autumn. From then on, any number of occasional gifts of any amount will be allowed, subject only to the £3,000 capital limit. The only restriction is that they must be occasional and not made at regular intervals; otherwise, anything over £5 per week will be treated as income and deducted from income support. *Tony Lynes*

ETHICAL INVESTMENTS

June saw an almost static stock market over the month as a whole. The FT-Actuaries All Share Index put on just 0.2 per cent during the month. Most of the ten ethical unit trusts did better than that. The biggest gainer by far was the Ethical Trust from Abbey Life, which gained more than a penny and a half. This month's booby prize goes to Friends Provident's North Amercian Stewardship fund which lost more than one per cent of its value during June.

Only three ethical unit trusts have so far being going long enough to be able to compare performance over a whole year. Another—the Conscience Fund—will have a year's results in November. The figures available show that give or take a few percentage points, the trusts rise or fall with the stock market as a whole. *James Stephenson*

Relative performance of ethical unit trusts

unit trust	now	against one month ago %	against one year ago %
Stewardship	256.1	+0.8	−15.3
Stewardship Income	63.0	+0.3	—
North American Stewardship	56.6	−1.2	—
Fellowship	66.7	−0.3	−17.9
Ethical Trust	48.3	+3.6	—
Conscience Fund	47.6	+0.8	—
Global Opportunities Trust	63.1	+1.8	—
Merlin Ecology	53.9	+1.7	—
Famous Names Trust	44.5	+0.5	−20.8
Amity	57.2	+1.9	—
All Share Index	965.2	+0.2	−19.7

(The prices quoted are for the last working day of the month)

Ethical investments will appear in the first issue of every month.

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INITIATIVES

Children and chancery

James Stephenson reports on a new law centre in Glasgow to protect children and young people

Cliff Harper

A building owned by the Boys' Brigade, set in the faded grandeur of a Georgian crescent in a rundown part of Glasgow, is home to the one-room office of the Scottish Child Law Centre.

The law centre, which was established earlier this year with £50,000 from the Scottish Office, should fill a desperate gap in provision. It aims "to promote the best interests of children and young people within the context of child law."

The law is of course Scottish, rather than English, as Paul Brown, the law centre's legal director, is keen to emphasise. For instance, hearings must be held within seven days of a place of safety order being made on a child, compared with 28 days in England.

Children, parents, and professionals whose work involves children, can telephone the centre's legal advice line, or write in. The telephone service was set up to tackle the widespread ignorance of child law. It is open from Tuesday to Friday, between half past one and four o'clock, and is free to anyone under 18 years old who rings via the operator.

Paul Brown, formerly senior solicitor in an ordinary law centre, deals with most of the calls. Several people have called saying that they suspect that child sexual abuse is taking place, and asking for advice.

Several people have called saying that they suspect that child sexual abuse is taking place, and asking for advice

Other enquiries are more straightforward and relatively minor: can a nine year old take part in a dangerous display? Can a 13 year old girl legally get a summer job?

One case involved a girl in care. A woman, who wanted to take the girl on holiday, had been refused permission by the social services department and wanted to know if she could appeal.

Among the law centre's other work is research and training on aspects of child law. The Scottish Child Law Group in its original submission to the Scottish Office stressed that, "a lack of knowledge and training in child law within many professions has been identified as one of the basic issues underlying many problems."

The law centre is currently running working parties on access to confidential records, representation of children, secure accommodation, and the Scottish child care law review. Research and briefing go hand in hand with the advice line. For instance, the law centre dealt with the case of a boy accused of theft, who had been refused legal aid. As a result, a briefing paper on legal aid for teenagers in trouble with the law is now being prepared.

This work is aimed at professionals, like social workers, youth workers, and teachers who deal with children's problems. It is also intended to improve the quality of legal advice on child law. Rosemary Milne, the project director of the law centre, says that the intention is to "raise the practice of lawyers and combat an absence of real interest in child law."

Rosemary Milne is not herself a lawyer. She is there to check the use of technical jargon. "Plain language, not complicated ways of putting things is what the service is about," she says. This involves reminding people that what they call "maturation difficulties", are in fact problems of growing up.

The law centre has its own maturation difficulties, since it has no guarantee of funding for next year. But the self-evident need for such a service should help it to survive.

Scottish Child Law Centre, 1 Melrose Street, Glasgow G4 9BJ. Telephone: (041) 3339305

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"Occasionally I've had opportunities to help human beings who are in quite desperate states and I've totally and completely cocked things up by errors of judgment that are almost too slight to be noticed.

Orlando Jones first came to the attention of the police in a shopping arcade that leads directly onto Victoria station. Holding a clenched fist in the air he was shouting at passers by: "You're all wankers and you know my gun can shoot you!"

In Horseferry Road magistrates' court, the bench decided that Orlando had a mental health problem that needed investigating. He was remanded to Brixton prison for a psychiatric opinion.

This did not transpire to be enlightening: in effect it said that Orlando was fit for any penalty the court might see fit to impose. So at the remand hearing the chairman of the bench decided he would try to make sense of Orlando's odd behaviour. "Why did you decide to behave in this way?" he asked.

For a moment Orlando stared around as though uncertain as to where the question was coming from. Then he replied: "I was in pain at the time: great pain! I needed outpatient treatment..."

"If you need medical attention," said the chairman, "you must go and find it." Orlando was fined £5 or one day's imprisonment—which in effect meant he was a free man.

I followed him out of court. "I am a probation officer," I said in a formal tone I can never quite conquer when I make this introduction. "Do you think I can help you?" He stared at me blankly. So I asked another question: "Are you known to any hospital?"

Orlando was, and I suggested arrangements be made for him to be seen. He agreed then suddenly and starkly said: "Will you give me £5?" clearly thinking that the fine had to be paid. After I'd explained matters a couple of times he smiled, shook my hand warmly and kept muttering: "Good, good, good..."

"Just wait here," I said, "and I'll arrange for a colleague to cover for me then we can arrange things." Quickly I nipped into court, but when I returned Orlando had gone. I rushed down the street—but there was no sign of him.

Probably Orlando Jones will come back into some court or other in the next month or two; perhaps then he'll be picked out for help—perhaps not. There are lots of young men like Orlando Jones wandering around the streets of our great cities.

They're regarded as a bloody nuisance."

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DATABASE

Crown Courts

According to a document recently leaked to *The Times*, senior officials in the Lord Chancellor's Department are drawing up plans to restrict the right to trial by jury in the Crown Courts. The memo says that there is a growing mismatch between the Crown Court workload and the number of judges available to deal with it. The officials are trying to "work up" arguments to persuade Home Office ministers that some offences currently triable in either the Crown Court or magistrates' courts should be restricted to the latter.

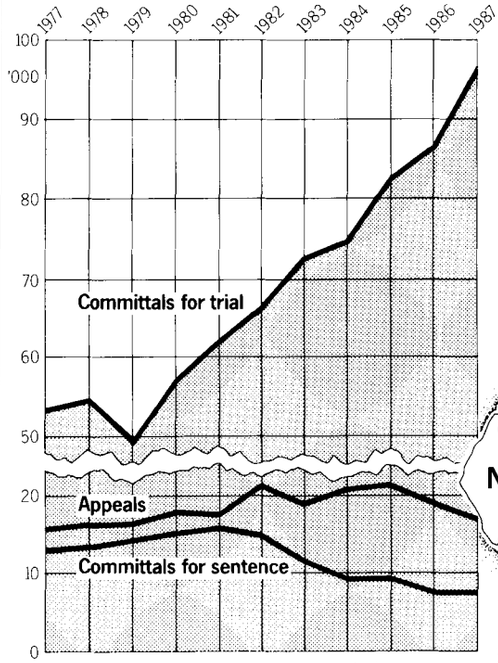
The annual judicial statistics, released a few days after the leak, only partially support such arguments. Although the number of cases received each year by the Crown Court has continued to rise, so has the number of cases disposed of. There were 24,235 cases outstanding at the end of 1987, a slight increase on the previous year. The LCD makes much of the rise but the figure has remained nearly constant for ten years.

As the LCD is proud to point out, the waiting time for defendants has fallen. It's now 12.3 weeks compared to 14.1 weeks in 1986. This is the lowest level since 1976. Justice is also faster than it used to be. The average time to try a not guilty plea has fallen from 8.3 hours in 1985 to 7.3 in 1987. And, because the proportion of guilty pleas increased from 64 per cent to 68 per cent, trials were further speeded—guilty pleas take on average only 36 minutes.

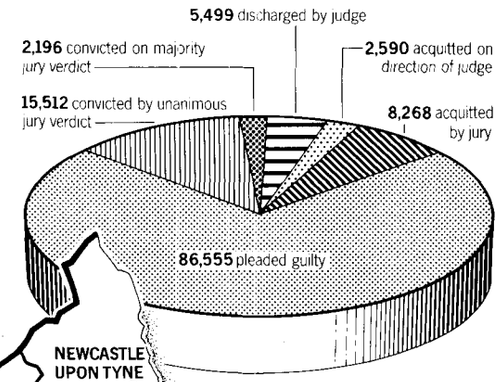
Everything takes longer in London. Not guilty pleas take 8.6 hours, and guilty pleas take 1.1 hours. More Londoners plead not guilty (52 per cent compared with a national average of 32 per cent), and more are acquitted: 26 per cent compared with a national average of 14 per cent.

According to the leaked paper, the LCD officials thinks it would be necessary—though also "impossible" and "inherently undesirable"—to appoint 40 new judges each year to cope with the rising number of Crown Court cases. From 1986-7, only two extra circuit judges were appointed, although there has since been a further increase of 11 to 404. Time savings could be made if circuit judges spent less time doing High Court work, which currently accounts for about 5 per cent of their total. More recorders could also be appointed, but this would probably mean appointing more solicitors to the bench—a prospect that many senior judges abhor. *Jolyon Jenkins*

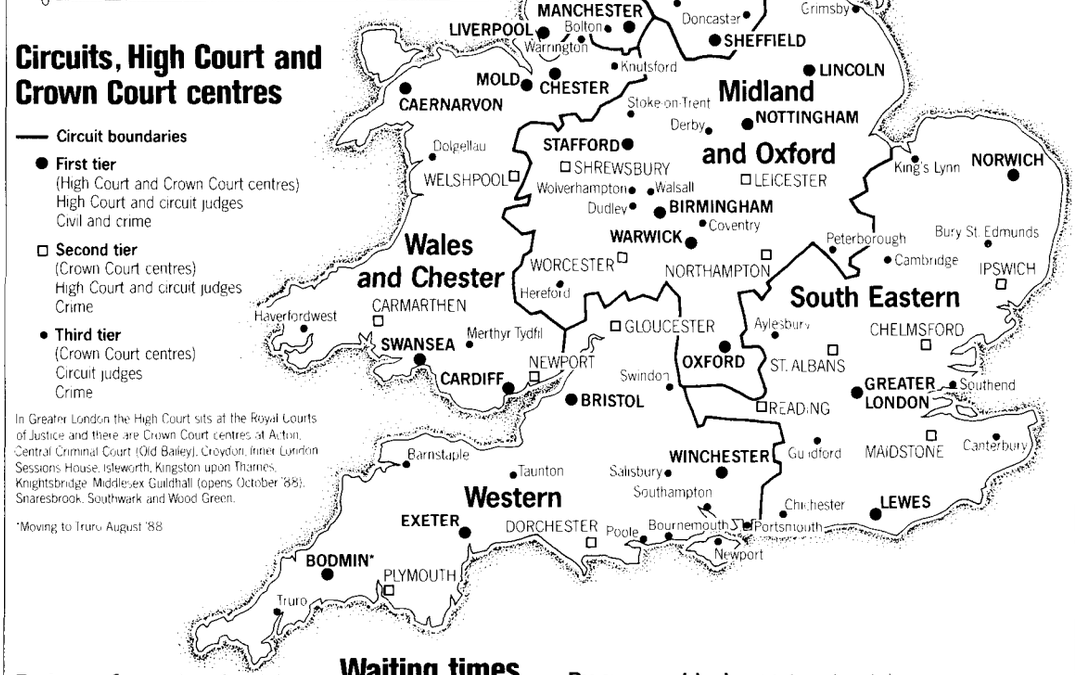
Crown Court workload (cases disposed of)



Trial outcomes, 1987


5,499 discharged by judge
2,196 convicted on majority jury verdict
2,590 acquitted on direction of judge
15,512 convicted by unanimous jury verdict
8,268 acquitted by jury
86,555 pleaded guilty

Circuits, High Court and Crown Court centres

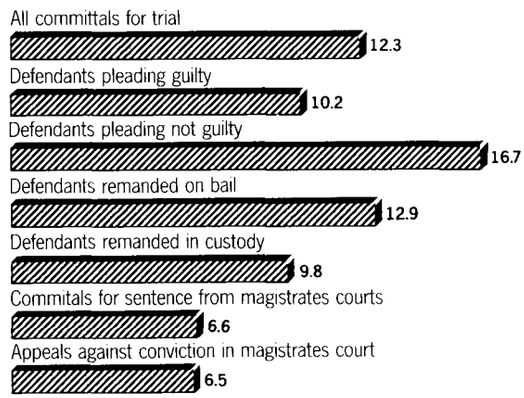


In Greater London the High Court sits at the Royal Courts of Justice and there are Crown Court centres at Acton, Central Criminal Court (Old Bailey), Croydon, Inner London Sessions House, Isleworth, Kingston upon Thames, Knightsbridge, Middlesex Guildhall (opens October '88), Snaresbrook, Southwark and Wood Green.

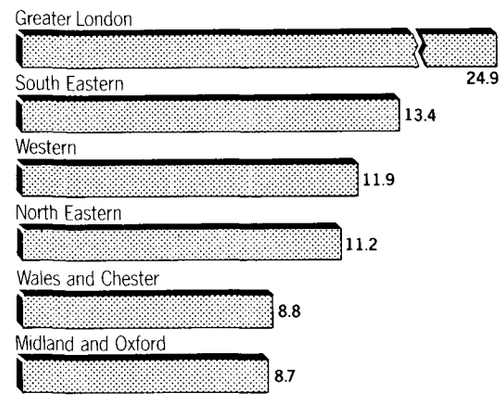
*Moving to Truro August '88

Waiting times

By type of case (no. of weeks)



By geographical area (no. of weeks)



Source for all charts: 1987 Judicial Statistics for England and Wales, Lord Chancellor's Department

Richard Natkiel Associates

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Mass communication breakdown

A CULTURE FOR DEMOCRACY: MASS COMMUNICATION AND THE CULTIVATED MIND IN BRITAIN
D. L. LeMahieu
Clarendon Press £35

Piers Burton-Page

It comes as no surprise that the companionable hero of this study of "Mass Communication and the Cultivated Mind between the Wars" emerges in the end as J. B. Priestley. The rare combination of erudition and profundity with a sure popular touch, the ability to speak to the people and for the people, his impeccable roots in Bradford, his mastery of the media, all these marked Priestley out as the man most likely to succeed in the age of mass communication—and of world war. A populist, an egalitarian and a leveller, Priestley stood testimony for the new age when, according to LeMahieu, that age was still enduring some painful birth-pangs long after it should have grown to maturity.

The cultivated elites were after all, never going to take things lying down. Divide and rule had worked well up till now and was to be put to use again: Gentlement vs Players, North vs South, Intellectuals vs the Crowd—LeMahieu notes that even the Fabian definition of the masses never seems to have embraced the intelligentsia. He notes, too, a residual pessimism about the mental life of the British populace, both in those who sought to improve it as well as those who sought to exploit it. Shaw's mistrust of the cinema and his ambivalent relations with Hollywood are cited as evidence of the ease with which intellectuals espoused the triumph of the common man, whilst rejecting the ascendancy of commercial culture.

The great communicator: J.B. Priestley in 1940 delivering one of his celebrated "Postscripts"

In any case, elitism had its adherents then as now, with Eliot in the vanguard and Wyndham Lewis in the rear. So if Priestley is one hero, there are quite a few villains in the picture, too. Northcliffe is one. For at the heart of LeMahieu's analysis is the age-old question of the sources of media power. Was the power of the mass media ever in the hands of the consumer? Didn't monopoly ownership—of the press, say—imply an immediate cultural authority too? Or is the model of cultural hegemony more complex, an amalgam of economic and cultural factors involving the expedient adoption of liberal-democratic principles and even working-class consent? In Northcliffe's case, the answer seems here simpler than one thought: the founder of tabloid journalism emerges without much credit.

Another villain is Reith of the BBC. Cynicism

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and good luck gave him the monopoly power he craved. LeMahieu concentrates on Reith the Victorian, often out of touch with his own staff let alone popular taste, obsessed with eliminating "the barbarian in us". Democracy was both vulgar and inefficient. But two fascinating sections, on BBC attitudes to music and drama in its early years, reveal how far the BBC was out of step with mass preferences by 1939. It took the war to make radio really necessary: by which time, Reith had decamped from Broadcasting House in frustration and bitterness. The monopoly, though, was still intact.

What Reith lacked, another hero of this tale, Alfred Hitchcock, possessed in abundance. Leaving aside his sheer skill at manipulating images, his unfailing grasp of the difference between surprise and suspense, his unfashionable emphasis on the script, there was a further element in Hitchcock's success that set him apart. He involved his audiences, to an extent that few film-makers have ever managed, by an instinctive understanding of where their sympathies would fall, whether with the innocent victim or the murderer avenging an injustice, and by matching the on-screen image to the moral thrust of his narrative. Contrast the fall of the famed thirties documentary-makers, says LeMahieu, whose beautiful romanticising photography and lack of interest in the individual eventually cost them their mass appeal.

Hitchcock was a master technician, and was recognised as such. But on technology generally, LeMahieu is more cautious than some, in particular dissenting from McLuhan's notion of technological determinism. He clearly regards the link between technology and tradition as a good deal more complex, and examines it through such phenomona as tabloid photojournalism, comic strips and the films of D. W. Griffith. Griffith's pioneering achievements are here placed in their context, and compared to the largely static and visually unimaginative British cinema of the time. Even so, we are told to mistrust the frequent assertion that mass culture obliterated a previous more "popular" culture.

A section on the early history of another technological miracle, the gramophone, throws up some intriguing reflections. The gramophone record knew not the class barrier. The gramophone record knew not the Atlantic Ocean. The gramophone record brought black America to white Europe. Then, neatly, LeMahieu ties the ends together with a study of *The Gramophone* magazine, Compton Mackenzie's brainchild, and even today, when classical music consumes subsidy like a child eats strawberries, still a successful commercial venture. Records crossed class boundaries, but if you listened to live music, ragtime and jazz, habits were harder to alter. The upper classes went to cabarets and night clubs, never to dance palaces or roadhouses. British musical culture was altered by the mechanisation process, but not displaced by it; a paradigm of the notion that that process offered Britain a more egalitarian modus vivendi, an offer we were disinclined to accept.

Another area of mass culture throws up some more unlikely heroes. As a forerunner of the movement towards the unification of the conceptual and the practical, the aesthetic and the political, William Morris emerges briefly. If his Kelmscott Press and taste for medievalism ultimately led Morris to alien pastures, a later designer and typographer is singled out, not just for his originality but his openness of mind. Stanley Morison "could not praise a cloistered virtue"; and so his work on newspapers, his interest in advertising, extended rather than extinguished the ideals of Morris. Morison established typography as a living element in Modernism, and along with designers such as Frank Pick at London Transport and E. McKnight Kauffer, he legitimised commercial art during the Thirties.

That decade is for LeMahieu the climactic period, when massive cultural change finally became irresistible. The ground is well trodden, the literature immense, and his treatment is necessarily selective. Even so, the method serves him well, and the familiar cast are all here: Orwell and Eliot and Auden and Spender and Day Lewis, Christopher Caudwell and Alick West, as well as Priestley, the Left Book Club and the new improved BBC.

No doubting that the progressive agenda was now firmly on the table, indeed enjoyed widespread acceptance. Again it is the dissenters, such as I. A. Richards and then the Leavises, who are held up for inspection, scrutinised only to be savagely put down. F. R. and Queenie come over as muddled, inconsistent publicity-seekers, blatantly using the critical techniques they so scorned in their contemporaries. F. R.'s about-face on journalism, the subject of his 1924 doctoral thesis, becomes an ironic paradigm for the whole confused *Scrutiny* ideology: hostile at once to pure aestheticism and to mass culture, the Scrutineers enjoyed their place on the critical fringe but exerted a disproportionate effect on the teaching of Eng. Lit. that has lasted until today. Cultural dissent is, after all, just another reflection of culture itself, and the Thirties offered plenty of possibilities.

Modernism was modern then, and the battlelines a lot less clear than, with hindsight, they seem now. As a last example of a hero in the modernist cause, take Herbert Read. His *Art and Industry* of 1934 gave intellectual respectability to the functional application of design, and the place of imagination in the shaping of even mundane household objects. And yet, perhaps because Read ultimately clung to the notion of Art as transcendent experience, his name seems to have vanished from much contemporary cultural discussion. Even Read is adjudged guilty of LeMahieu's version of the treason of all clerks. Constantly erecting barriers and hierarchies of all kinds between each other and the crowd—hierarchies which, because subjective, were capable neither of verification nor of measurement—the cultivated elites of LeMahieu's study have a lot to answer for. The imagined distances they created may often have been under attack, even from within, but they were seldom bridged—except by the likes of Priestley and a few other good companions. And bridge-builders are still in short supply.

Manwatching

MALE ORDER: UNWRAPPING MASCULINITY
Rowena Chapman and Jonathan Rutherford (editors)
Lawrence & Wishart £7.95

Michael Moorcock

The subtitle of this book is "Unwrapping Masculinity" and by the time I'd finished it I was somewhat confused, not sure what, if anything, had been unwrapped, not sure who the imagined audience was: male supporters of the women's movement anxious to understand their own sexuality? Women wishing to understand masculinity? Chronically suspicious of Marxist and Freudian essays into the world of sexual politics, I expected to find more to disagree with and was impressed by some of the individual pieces, especially Lynne Segal's, Suzanne Moore's and Rowena Chapman's.

The book emerged from a 1987 conference, Men Breaking Out—a Sexual Politics for the Nineties, organised under the auspices of *Marxism Today* and all the contributors participated, in some way, in that event. Some of the pieces, therefore, have more to do with "unwrapping masculinity" than others. Some, such as a roundtable discussion reprinted as "Mending the Broken Heart of Socialism", are more to do with the position of women in traditional strongholds of socialism, such as the trade unions. The majority of the material is of considerable interest and, whether on familiar or unfamiliar ground, worth having available. The title alone is the problem for men—it isn't much of an examination of masculinity and there are no radical new ideas here.

The great feminist writers in particular have revealed, through their work, unconquered territories—private worlds, secret gardens, ancient conspiracies, traditional strategies, pockets of power and consolation—which, in the past, men (their power unthreatened) ignored or held in tolerant contempt. Since the 1960s, when increasing numbers of women have openly challenged male power and displayed a will to destroy its hold over them and aim at very least for equal shares, men have responded with various strategies. These responses have varied from the mocking brutality exemplified by Kingsley Amis and the Boozy Boys of English journalism, all the way through to the sensitive, caring, nurturing, fathering, slightly narcissistic, fashion-conscious, politically aware New Man.

It's hard to say who, for women, is the most threatening—the old devil they know or the apparent angel who has suddenly appeared beside them at the kitchen sink, Doctor Spock in one hand, *Sexual Politics* in the other. It's as if Enoch Powell had materialised in the Mangrove, blacked up, wearing locks, quoting Fanon, listening to Public Enemy and telling everyone it

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was cool to be batty man. One might be forgiven, as a regular, for checking quickly outside for the SPG vans lined up in the sidestreets.

Indeed, what this book tends to confirm is Polly Toynbee's much-quoted *Guardian* statement about the New Man: "I have met women who claim that their sons will be he, or that their daughters will marry him. I have met men who claim they are he. False prophets all, the new man is not here, and it does not seem likely that we shall see him in our lifetime." Or as Rowena Chapman says in her excellent contribution: "If what we define as female qualities will be highly valued in our brave new future, then to maintain hegemony it is in men's interests to co-opt femininity. In this case, the future may be female, but I fear it will still belong to men."

While examining this New Man in terms of his clothes, his magazines (like *The Face*), his pop music, his movies and the cosmetics he consumes, this book doesn't deal much with a black or white working class heterosexual masculinity, the kind which is familiar to most women. The black section is specifically about being black, male and gay and its references to feminism are fairly infrequent, sometimes faintly accusatory. Other material is about being white and gay and some of the best essays—Suzanne Moore's for instance—are largely about being a feminist. As such, the title is again a little misleading.

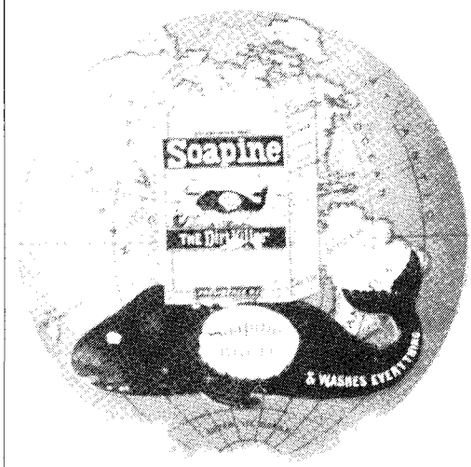
Whenever the "false prophets" are in a minority is it a matter of real urgency that a few are trying to sneak through the walls of the Forbidden City, when thousands—possibly millions—of Old Males are there to attack, raze it, then rape, pillage and enslave as a matter of unthinking habit? When so many women are daily brutalised in so many ways, subtle and direct, shouldn't "caring" men (as well as middle-class feminists) be finding ways of directly opposing this terror?

Do they fail because traditional Marxist socialism *can't* deal with working-class masculinity without appearing to betray the class whose interest it claims to support? Millett, Firestone, Mitchell, Dworkin and others have all pointed out how, in feminism, the class ranks are drawn differently. The Marxist intellectual, the salt-of-the-earth working class man, the Labour MP may well represent the enemy, the oppressor. Faced with this accusation, the committed, old-fashioned socialist may find himself condemning the radical feminist as a rightist simply because her first allegiance is to women.

Accusations of essentialism, of "biological determinism", are easily made by men anxious to hang on to their inherited power, but the fact remains that women possess the moral authority of a class which is oppressed worldwide and it seems to me their cause is the most urgent since no matter how oppressed, for instance, the South African black man is, the South African black woman is going to be that much more oppressed. By oppressed, of course, I mean suffering in the home the kind of pain, terror and humiliation which men *only* suffer in the tyrants' prisons.

This constant spectre might be why I find discussions of the "new masculinity" somewhat less urgent than questions of rape, woman-battering and child-abuse.

Books like this are valuable so long as they don't distract us from the crucial issues of the moment—how to oppose and end masculine tyranny in all its myriad forms, both public and domestic.



Moby Heathcote

WHALE NATION
Heathcote Williams
Jonathan Cape £8.95

Hugo Williams

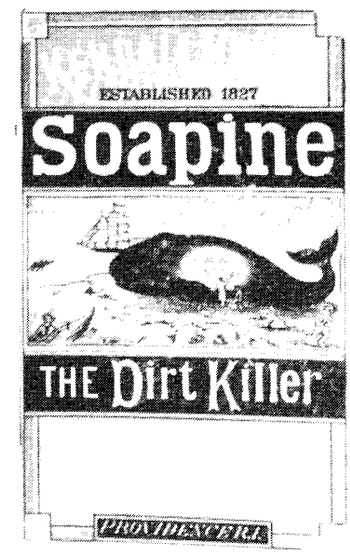
Writer, actor, magician, Heathcote Williams was one of those explorers of the Sixties, more Yippy than hippy, who went further into the unknown corners of that decade than any of his contemporaries, yet still somehow managed to remain very much a part of it. Black-toothed, fuzzy-haired, rubber-faced, he was a neo-beat among the swingers and day trippers: it is hard to imagine his like being thought of as anything but a freak in these straighter days.

I mention the life before the work because Williams was always more of an event than a career, a kind of personal conjuring trick which may not always have been as easy as it looked. There have been many projects, but Williams's main achievements to date include a book about the speakers of Hyde Park, plays about acid, Charles Dickens and Tony Hancock, and the part of Prospero in Derek Jarman's *The Tempest*. He has been all over the place, doing what he liked and always frustrating everyone's expectations. His current splash is the first of his excursions to exhibit any trace of middle-age spread.

It is a big, ugly book (A4 x 1"), printed on that sharp, white art paper they print remaindered books about vintage cars on. The first half is a long poem, written in prose, with two or three pictures of whales on every page, many in colour. The second half comprises an anthology of quotations about whales, much like the one in *Moby-Dick*, but much longer and overlapping it, also illustrated.

The poem begins with a straightforward hymn of praise to the ecological perfection and restraint of the leviathan: "Whales play/For three times as long as they spend searching for food". It describes the whale's mating and 120-year life cycle, then their obscene murder at our hands, followed by a catalogue (17 pages) of the absurd uses to which their bodies are put in the dry world, from lipsticks to drumskins, from linoleum to medical trusses, even, most tellingly, "For the food supplies of fur-farms". A strange feature of this section is the many illustrations provided, most seemingly from the forties, some titillating, which give it a tone of almost comic literal-mindedness or *kitsch noir*. Williams has all his generation's contempt for human acquisitiveness: "Without depending on tons upon tons of artefacts, destined as litter/ The whale's sophistication has become internal". You begin to see that he makes no pretence at being a phrase-maker.

Ted Hughes has said of the poem that it is overwhelming, brilliant, cunning, dramatic, wonderfully moving etc. But the actual feeling of poetry, of lived experience, of language at full stride, is quite missing from the work. This may be due to the relentless decent-mindedness of the thing, as if anyone could possibly disagree



with the poet's wholly admirable sentiments.

Hughes also states that the poem has "a steady accumulation of grandeur and dreadfulness" and this is more like the truth. I must admit that my initial boredom with its plodding philistinism—"When whaling boats have been overturned/And men have found themselves floundering helpless in the seas" (why plural?)—slowly gave way to a sense of awe at the sheer size and selflessness of the project. As James Fenton discovered with his *A German Requiem*, a more stylish or self-conscious style might have been inappropriate to the subject of genocide. As I read on I began to forget myself in the growing sense of dread at a terrible story told, a story for me at least as moving as that of Christ, because here we still have some small hope of re-writing it before the end. I suppose the poetry must be in the pity. It certainly isn't in the poetry.

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All the Raj

THE SAHIBS AND THE LOTUS: THE BRITISH IN INDIA
Michael Edwardes
Constable £14.95

Ian Jack

The most surprising thing in this largely unsurprising book is its conclusion—that the Indian words which have crept into everyday English represent "one of the few permanent legacies of the British connection". So, back home in *blighty* in our *bungalows* we drink *char* in our *pyjamas*. In all else we are one with Nineveh and Tyre.

I don't know where Mr Edwardes has been living all these years since Indian independence —clearly it hasn't been Brick Lane or Bradford, Leicester or Wembley—but his dust-jacket at least tells us what he has been doing: writing books about the British in India. This latest volume is simply a kedgeree of his previous work, and the work of many other toilers in this (by now) over-familiar historical terrain. For Edwardes, the story of the British in India resembles "a sort of multi-media production" filled with melodrama, tragedy, farce and "real blood and thunder". Fiddle-de-dee go the adulterous memsahibs of Simla, boom goes the artillery at the siege of Lucknow, salaam sahib says the Muslim cook at the back of the bungalow. This is imperialism as a piece of theatre, à la Jan Morris, though Morris has a finer eye and a surer touch.

But if there were some splendid dramatic moments in this epic, there were also some very boring quarters of an hour. Edwardes reminds us, perhaps not forcefully enough, that most of the British who sailed to India were unexceptional people whose dullness at home was reinforced abroad by racial isolation, a too easily sustained sense of superiority and an enervating climate. Few were inspired by imperial or Christian ideals. Booze and sleep were the great comforts, sometimes the only comforts after miscegenation became morally repugnant and native women were placed out of bounds to British troops. At the high noon of Victoria's reign, Florence Nightingale could sum up the Indian day of an average British soldier thus: "Bed till daybreak; drill for an hour; breakfast, served to him by native servants; bed; dinner, served to him by native servants; bed; tea, served to him by native servants; drink; tea—and *da capo*."

Edwardes himself snoozed for England as an army signalman in India during the Second World War. His description of the experience, told rather tweely in the third person as "M", forms the most illuminating chapter of the book. Here is a narrow world of medical inspections, military parades and organised games, "a sea of boredom" relieved by masturbation and buggery and circumscribed by the barrack gates. Small wonder, as Edwardes writes, that each hot season renewed the tradition of murder and suicide among the inmates.

As for the civilian British, the box-wallahs in the cities, Edwardes found that they suspected anyone with the most minimal of intellectual interests. "It was not that men of culture did not exist, but they always appeared to be at some place remote from 'M's' present one. 'I remember a chappie, used to play Bach on his gramophone, very rum. Don't know what became of him.'"

Of course, by no means all the British in India were clods. Many left fine and enduring achievements. But this is not a book which celebrates those who deserve to be remembered: a lineage that includes William Jones, the orientalist, and William Carey, the missionary and linguist, as well as the many forgotten engineers who built the railways and canals, and the neglected artisan under-class ("Domiciled Europeans") who kept the trains to time.

Oddly, the author does not think much of E. M. Forster, though their views of Anglo-India seem to coincide. *A Passage to India*, he says, is a "grossly over-valued" novel. He doesn't tell us why. My guess is that its central sexual metaphor, later bloated beyond sustenance by the likes of Paul Scott and R. P. Jhabwala, must appear frustratingly inapposite to someone who suffered the enforced chastity of a British barracks, where the only things that wanted to get inside one's underpants were mosquitoes and the odd unwelcome corporal or two.

Uncle Lenin

LENIN: THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK
Ronald W. Clark
Faber £17.95

Nicholas Richardson

The late Ronald Clark set out to unwrap the mummy in the mauseoleum. His Lenin is an ascetic with a twinkle in his eye, a man who loved children and cats, who had a passion for the countryside (but not country matters), the host who would take visiting colleagues not just to Highgate, to Marx's grave, but to Hamlet at the Old Vic, who wasn't above joining in the antics at a Swiss carnival and who read and re-read not just the dreadful Chernyshevsky but the 19th century European classics as a whole.

This picture of Lenin as a typical Russian *intelligent* (gentry background and all) has just a grain of truth. But it sits awkwardly with the full-time revolutionary and his ruthless pursuit of power ("We need revolutionary *power*...we need the *state*"). Clark isn't too happy here. One can sympathise with his view of Marxist polemic as being no more attractive than the most picayune medieval scholasticism, but it's not the obvious qualification for the biographer of the most influential Bolshevik theorist of them all.

Of course Lenin's theory had a practical application. The Russian Marxists differed from the mainstream of the revolutionary movement because they saw the urban working-class, rather than the peasantry, as the motor of revolution. Lenin differed from even his closest colleagues because he never forgot that the road to power led through violent insurrection.

February 1917 had been a popular rising. October was a party putsch, and it was always on the cards that Bolshevik rule would be authoritarian. As Clark sensibly points out, events—the civil war, allied intervention, the collapse of the economy—gave it a military stamp and led toward institutionalised terror. In the same way the party established a stranglehold over government. Whom else could the Bolsheviks trust? Lenin's decision to employ members of the ancien regime in the army and administration was no more popular among the Bolshevik rank-and-file than was his New Economic Policy.

No history, in the Soviet Union, is innocent. As the tide of glasnost sweeps back through the Brezhnev years to engulf Stalin (and cause the cancellation of this year's school history exams) the figure in the mausoleum is looking not merely isolated but vulnerable. Mikhail Gorbachev consciously represents his reforms as a return to pure Leninism. The legacy is rather more ambiguous than he lets on. So, for example, one of his allies compared the Gorbachev reform programme at the recent party congress to Lenin's "April Theses" of 1917. Then the battle cry had been "All power to the Soviets". It's an awkward analogy. So far as they represented grass-roots democracy, the Soviets were emasculated, not strengthened.

Things haven't changed. On 12 July the Soviet of the largely Armenian enclave of Nagorno-Karabakh declared UDI. The Kremlin slapped them down, sharpish. It was Lenin, of course, who had referred to Imperial Russia as "the prison house of nationalities".

Gorbachev also insists that his projected economic reforms go along with political change, too. This has an uncomfortable resonance. At the Tenth Party Congress, in 1921, Lenin announced the NEP. Relaxation of economic controls certainly went with political reform: using Stalin to do his dirty work, Lenin clamped down on such criticism and diversity of opinion as still obtained in the Party. There was rather more to this man than Clark's comfy and Chekhovian picture of Uncle Ilyich allows.

Live wires

THE ROAD TO INTERVENTION: RUSSIA AND THE ALLIES 1917–1920, VOL 2, MARCH-NOVEMBER 1918
Michael Kettle
Routledge £40

David Mitchell

Human nature abhors a vacuum, and being as a rule abysmally human, so do politicians: seldom more perhaps than when faced with the mega-chaos of Russia after the 1917 revolutions. Goaded by impatient shareholders (themselves in some cases) and industrial magnates with a sizeable stake in Russian concerns, British and

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French statesmen balanced horror at the collapse of the eastern front with tantalising fantasies of oriental pickings on the grand scale. The first priority was to bully impotent Russian governments into conjuring a flicker of military resistance. The longer-term hope was for the profitable manipulation of a puppet regime installed with the help of Allied war surplus and a stiffening of Allied troops; the whole exercise presented as a noble crusade to save Russia from wicked Bolshevik tyranny.

Some years ago, dipping into War Cabinet records to compile *1919 Red Mirage*, an impressionistic survey of postwar upheavals, I came across a "Memorandum on Allied Efforts to Support Loyal Russian Governments". It estimates that "a total of 202,400 troops has been dispatched to various portions of the former Russian Empire" and itemises as follows: British and Indian 44,600; French 13,000; American 13,700; Italian 3,000; Japanese 80,000; Serbian 2,500; Czechoslovak 42,000 (in fact the Czech Legion had been *in situ* when the Bolshevik coup succeeded); Greek 3,000. Sounds impressive, but in fact, apart from the more or less cohesive Czech Legion, this was very much a Disunited Nations host, contributed in reluctant driblets and seldom used efficiently.

President Wilson, the sixth of whose celebrated 14 Points insisted that "the treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations will be the acid test of their good will", was jockeyed into endorsing "limited" military intervention. But as Michael Kettle comments, "while the sole Japanese interest was to seize the northern provinces of Siberia...the chief American interest was in keeping a close watch on Japan and avoiding involvement in the devious imperialist schemes of the British". These, he reveals, hinged on a plot to use control of the main Russian banks to ensure economic stranglehold in a de-bolshevised future.

He steers a steady, wire by wire, minute by minute, course through a daunting density of official documentation. But the relentless paper chase is enlivened by the presence of such Buchan- or "Sapper"-type secret agents as Bruce Lockhart, Colonels Terence Keyes and Joe Boyle (the latter an engaging Irish-Canadian "rough diamond" who seems almost singlehandedly to have arranged sabotage of the Black Sea fleet), Sidney Reilly (glimpsed joining the Cheka as "Relinski" and, in emergency, hastily swallowing tell-tale messages), and Moura Benckendorff (Lockhart's flame and later, as Countess Budberg, one of H.G. Wells's more tiresome mistresses).

Many of the British expeditionary troops were, we learn, C3 rejects, a detachment sent from Hong Kong to Siberia being known as "the Hernia Battalion". Illiterate Russian recruits to the "armies of liberation" were as uninterested in anything beyond their native villages as any peasant conscript in the Spanish civil war. In the utter confusion that prevailed it is only mildly surprising to find Lloyd George referring to Lenin as "a disciple of Tolstoy", a near-pacifist who disapproved of Trotsky's belligerence.

If and when all five volumes are in print, Kettle's labyrinthine roots-of-the-Cold-War chronicle will run to around 2,000 pages and a million or so words. Meantime, well provided with maps, source references and a brief summary of the previous instalment, Vol 2 can be read—and, given the requisite stamina, enjoyed—on its own. I particularly look forward to Vol 3, featuring Churchill, as War Secretary and "Russian Gambler", doing his damndest to step up intervention and put paid, at last, to the Bloodstained Beasts in the Kremlin.

Paperbacks

Soft-covered europeans

Carole Angier

Victoria Glendinning's biography of Rebecca West is paperbacked at last (Papermac, £7.95). It's solid, fascinating, fair, even funny, with wonderful Rebecca West quotes (e.g., a woman descends on a man "like a fold on the wolf"). It tells all the main stories: the Fairfields (Rebecca's family); Wells, Beaverbrook, and Henry Andrews (her husband); Anthony West (her son). The saddest stories are the best; but then despite huge zest and fame, all Rebecca West's stories were sad.

She was extraordinarily intelligent, energetic, dominating; at the same time extraordinarily self-pitying, dramatic, neurotic. She was a great but unbalanced writer; a difficult woman and mother. She was "not just an emblem of modern woman", as Victoria Glendinning says. First because she was a force of nature, irreducible to anything other than herself. But second because she failed to liberate herself from an old-fashioned desire for respectability. So she made a mess of things. Her great loves both rejected her; she feared she frightened men and made them impotent. She wanted too much—independence *and* security—and felt she got too little. She was indeed our emblem.

Rayner Heppenstall's "absentees" (*Four Absentees*, Cardinal £3.99) are George Orwell, Dylan Thomas, John Middleton Murry and Eric Gill. Heppenstall is always (to me) an eccentric writer, and here he's more eccentric than ever. Constructing his book around his brushes with the four gives the effect of a lifetime of improbable encounters. He doesn't have much new to say about Thomas or Murry, and doesn't seem to think much of any of them, so that one wonders why he bothered. Yet there are a few currants in this peculiar bun, mostly in his portrait of Orwell. The two shared a flat in the 1930s, and no man is a hero to his flatmate. Heppenstall saw Orwell as "a kindly eccentric", "wonderfully nice but confused". He gleefully reports that Orwell spent less than two months

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down-and-out in Paris, and finds *1984* "cheering, since Eric was always wrong". We may laugh; Orwell can take it. *Ce n'est pas magnifique, mais c'est la guerre.*

Now to a real *guerre*, the recent history of Europe. Peter Gay's short book (*Weimar Culture*, Peregrine Books £4.95) brilliantly sketches the tragedy of Weimar. It was the tragedy of the decent middle way, despised by both extremes, destroyed by its failure to change the machinery of the old order. But Gay puts the detail of political history into an appendix, and concentrates on the extraordinary flowering of Weimar culture: Expressionism, Bauhaus, Neue Sachlichkeit.

Weimar was a paradigm of modern culture, outsiders in conflict with political reality. Most interesting of all, Gay uses the light of Weimar to illumine the dark side of the German character: its "search for the soul and distrust of the mind"; its fear of modernity. This last still needs pondering on: one of the greatest new works of German art I know, Edgar Reitz's film *Heimat*, rehearses this ancient nostalgia.

Czeslaw Milosz (*Native Realm*, King Penguin £4.95) is an archetypal East European, the product of a complex and tragic personal and political history. The early parts of the book are the best: Milosz's ancestral Lithuania, with its forests and lakes and birds; his city of Wilno, in which everyone was different—Roman Catholic, Jew, Protestant, Muslim; his teachers, the humanist Rozek and the Jesuit "Hamster", for whom he felt respectively "sympathy corroded by mockery" and "mockery corroded by sympathy". But then we move on to those difficult decisions: his time as a bureaucrat; his Embassy of People's Poland in Washington; his break with the government. There is much that is wonderful here too: for instance, his paradox that peace and freedom have brought America "inner sterility": "Only the Negroes, obsessed like us, were alive, tragic, spontaneous". But he is—as he admits—devious; and he doesn't really explain. He fences with us as he fenced with "Hamster"; he uses prose like poetry, with "Heraclitean fluidity". So would I, if I'd lived his life. But I didn't understand the second half of his book.

Margaret Drabble's novel (*The Radiant Way*, Penguin £3.95) and Ian Jack's collected journalism (*Before the Oil Ran Out*, Flamingo £3.95) both portray England in the eighties, and the keynote of both is decline. *The Radiant Way* clearly sets out to be the great eighties novel. It is about the rise of Thatcherism and the decline of Labour, the North-South divide, child abuse. It is about three women. England declines, people die; the Harrow Road murderer chops off women's heads. Alix, Esther and Liz are the best and brightest of their generation, but they get everything wrong. When her lover dies Esther finds she has "wasted her entire adult emotional life on a fantasy", and the same is true of the other two. Liz lives by psychotherapy, but doesn't understand her own present or past; Alix lives by her socialist faith, and loses it. This is a novel rich in character and event, but empty in theme and feeling. The "radiant way" is ironic: it is the "rational, radiant light" of the dream of universal enlightenment, which this book buries.

Ian Jack finds much poverty in England, though he finds more prosperity than in the past too. But the old ways of life are gone, and the new ways aren't better. "There are no poor people if you're all poor people", someone says; but prosperity means "privatisation"—people at home with their videos, and outside a new dispossessed underclass. Ian Jack knows it's hopeless, but he too would like the old days back, when "the docks had ships, the church a congregation". Well, let me be Heraclitean too. This is a good book, and its longest part, a memoir of Ian Jack's father, is better than good. Nostalgia may make bad politics; but here, as in *Heimat*, it makes good art.

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A magic touch

REPETITION
Peter Handke
Methuen £12.95

Paul Oldfield

In Peter Handke's new novel, his young narrator describes a painter retouching an unseen mural inside a wayside shrine. He resolves to write "so silently...without ulterior motive of any kind. Whatever this future work might be, it would have to be comparable to this painting, which ennobled the painter and with him the chance witness". This sanctified, secluded site of creation is just the latest variant on Handke's belief that literature belongs in an "ivory tower", that it can be an autonomous pleasure-dome of language. His career has been a struggle against the confinements and sclerosis of language and a search for a cleansed, innocent vision.

In *Repetition*, Filip Kobal recalls a cross-border pilgrimage in his youth to the Yugoslavia of his forbears, with only his long-lost brother's German-Slovenian dictionary and agricultural college copybook as a vade mecum. Some readers will take it as a journal of self-discovery and recovered familial roots. In fact, it's less about finding a place or an identity than about a visionary uncovering of the world. Problems of identity or purpose receive *magical* resolution, often in the parallel worlds of etymology, phonetics or semantics, in language.

Handke's "kingdom of freedom" does have a political complexion, it's true. Filip Kobal claims Slovenian as a language of the unoppressed because there are no indigenous words for authority. But he recognises this as his illusion: Tito's gaze is upon him everywhere. Freedom comes by *dreaming* the world differently.

Freedom isn't found in attempts to escape the prison-house of language, but within language. Filip's first night abroad passes in nightmares of dumbness, incoherence or "retrograde rhythms" that actually separate him from his experience. His younger self only knows a flux of the senses that isn't articulated or fully accessible to him. Only when everything can be remembered and told is it "free".

Handke's fiction aspires not to communication but *communion*. There's no narrative, just access to things-in-themselves. Filip's ex-teacher is a paradigm with his fairy-tales that are simply "the sun and the object, without the moonlight of adjectives". Like Filip's tales told to children, they're evocations, not narrations.

Repetition rediscovers Joyce's epiphany, the sudden clarity of perception. Filip is granted moments when things, abstracted from their context, are "ennobled". His mural-painter can summon up another, heightened world, in which even a hen scratching for grain becomes a heraldic emblem. Only dreams, fictions, visions, the moments Filip calls "congruences", let him be reconciled to the world. "No longer able to dream, I could no longer see", he asserts.

Repetition's dreamer finds this grail, this "holy of holies" as he calls it, in the very slipperiness of languages and their differences. No laments about the opacity of words here. Filip happily straddles the twin columns of his dictionary: every entry is "a one-word fairy tale" for him. He even rewrites the Tower Of Babel myth. No longer is the babel, the superfluity of language a fall from grace, it *is* the ladder to the heavens.

Handke has been criticised for failing to imagine action to change the world. *Repetition* claims instead that only dreamers are ever "fully in this world", that they have the power of "the Child, the King" to create, renew, defer ceaselessly, a world. If *Repetition* is compelling reading, it's because it casts a *spell* of language.

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Photography

Men as sex objects

Film-maker Ron Peck on the eroticising of the male body

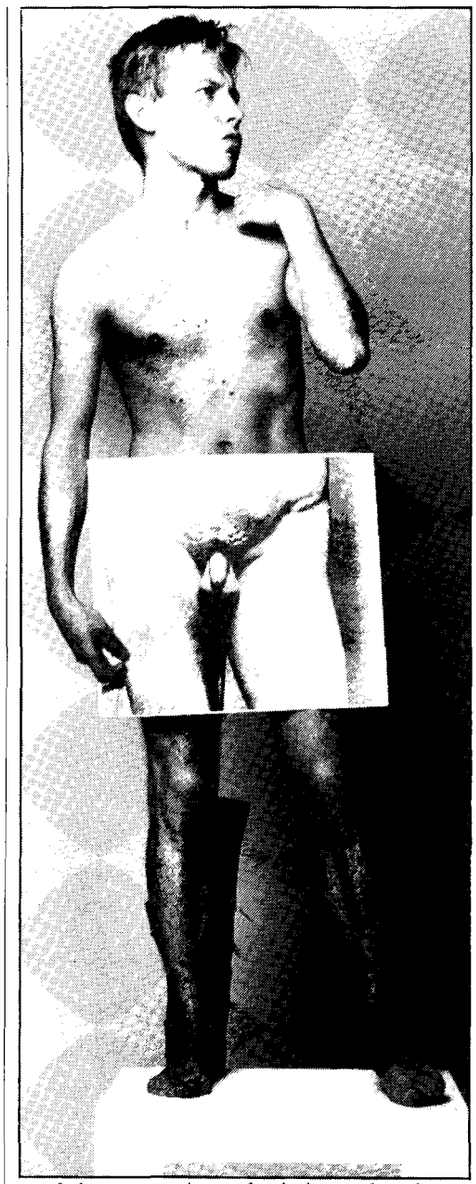
There are more than 200 male nudes nailed to the walls of London's Photographers' Gallery, behind glass, in steel frames, dated and catalogued like so many butterflies. You should see them while you can, just in case Customs & Excise or the police take the lot away and put them under lock and key. You can never tell in this country, though the organisers of **Behold the Man—The Male Nude in Photography** assure us that we are currently living through a period when the male nude is becoming increasingly common.

The term "nude" is deployed here with some latitude, to include the wretchedly naked and the partially clothed. Sylvester Stallone, bare-chested and monstrously armed in his Rambo role, qualifies for a place on the walls. As this indicates, the central concern of the exhibition is less with the male nude as a subject for art or object of desire than as a phallic sign for "a patriarchal system". The images on show express this notion, send it up, run away from it or throw up alternatives to it.

Much of the material is from "private collections" rather than public galleries, some is from scientific archives and most of the rest is quite literally torn from magazines and calendars. The exhibition is arranged thematically, rather than historically, but there is considerable cross-referencing and the overall effect is comprehensive and encyclopaedic. If it's male and it's nude, frame it.

Grouped under the rubric "Men of Science", for instance, we find studies of "locomotion" by Muybridge and Eakins, which try to find out what the human body in motion is actually like (the more realistically to paint it). There are also what the Victorians called "anthropometric studies", which set "primitive" subjects in front of measuring grids in order to draw conclusions about the common physiognomy of racial types. These are unpleasant pictures clearly establishing the superior position of the photographer to the subject, as do similar scientific "records" of the deformed and the diseased, though I question whether the inclusion of boys dying of bubonic plague in the context of this exhibition puts the organisers and us, as spectators, in any better moral position.

Such pictures were taken to advance medical science, not be hung in frames in art galleries; whereas many of the other images in the exhibition *were* meant to be seen as "art" or, at least,



used the conventions of painting and sculpture to legitimise tackling the male nude as a subject at all. The escape route of art allowed Wilhelm von Gloeden to create his own arcadia of nude Sicilian youths with the help of a bit of drapery, a garland or two, and the background of Mediterranean gardens. Ancient Greek ruins, actual or in a studio (just the base of a column would do) justified the foregrounded interest of a nude, or almost nude, muscleboy.

There were books of "life studies", specifically aimed at the painter and sculptor, in which models were photographed holding all of the poses thought to be required by a serious artist with nudity on his mind. These gave way to "physique" books, which were published in useful pocket editions for gentlemen, in which were advertised "private" photo-sets of individual models. Overlapping intentions and contradictory impulses ran riot in such material. What the exhibition as a whole tends to pull out and isolate is pulled together here: the joys of nudism and the back-to-nature movements, the pursuit of health and strength, bodybuilding, the "artistic" and the beginnings of a self-conscious "gay" pornography. All these are gloriously muddled in these images. It was here where the rigidities of male representation broke down, were undermined, fooled around with and eroticised in a playful way. And it's this sense of naughtiness, of breaking the rules, that is repressed by the exhibition.

The exhibition's own idea of fun, "Jesting with Gender" is the worst section in the show—the photographic equivalent of knowing one-liners, like Jo Spence's "Omnipotence", which has a balloon with "ICI" felt-tipped on it tied to the limp penis of a rather elderly gentleman...a kind of answer to Stallone's "erection". What is missing is a bit more drive and personality and daring. For all the painstaking and exhaustive research, it's mostly, in the end, rather tasteful, right-on and *dull*, which is unforgivable.

No single photographer is strongly represented. A case in point is George Platt Lynes, whose work is far more stimulating, ranging and *felt* than you would surmise from looking at what is on show here. Semi-nude stills of Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Navarro and Johnny Weissmuller are made much of, whereas Joe D'Alessandro is tucked away in a corner in an uncharacteristic head and shoulders shot. And yet it was "Little Joe" who became the superstar Male Nude in the sixties, graduating all the way from pornographic physique shots to Warhol-Morrissey's *Flesh*, around which was focused one of the most public battles over censorship in Britain.

But this exhibition is not interested in censorship or struggle. Nothing really breaks out of those steel frames. Removed from the magazines and newspapers in which they originally appeared, the more recent advertising images that "objectify" men's bodies come across as damagingly de-contextualised. When flicked through in the pages of the *Face* or *Arena* their meaning is bound up with the environment of hi-tech cars, watches, stereos, designer fashion and credit-card living in which they appear. As the catalogue suggests, the male without phallic reference demonstrates *lack*, and where the emphasis used to be on guns, swords and spears, it is now subsumed wholesale into an aggressive consumer ethos where almost everything has been given that reference.

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Television

Who built the Soviet bomb?

Tom Bower on the myth that German scientists made the USSR an atomic superpower

There is a marvellous moment in the Hollywood version of Tom Wolfe's epic *The Right Stuff* as the camera tracks a distraught figure hurtling along dark Pentagon corridors and exploding into the sombre deliberations of America's military chieftains. Their Soviet enemies, he gasps, have just placed a sputnik in orbit around the world. "Their Germans are better than ours," spits the chairman. It was 1957. Within a decade, his recrimination was forgotten as the prize and prestige of putting the first man on the moon was within America's grasp—thanks to Werner von Braun and hundreds of German scientists brought across the Atlantic in the aftermath of the Nazi defeat in 1945.

Planning the western allies' plunder of Germany was a massive operation born of a realistic acknowledgement by the War Office and Pentagon that German scientists and engineers had equipped the Third Reich with planes, tanks, boats and weapons that were considerably superior to their own. Initially, the allies' hectic hunt for German brains was justified as "reparations", but their parallel purpose was a "denial programme"—to prevent those same scientists being snapped up by the Soviets. Their wild and dangerous rivalry was an exciting cocktail of the worlds of intelligence and derring-do—James Bond and *The Guns of Navarone* in one package. The benefits to British and American industry were enormous.

The story of the Anglo-American hunt, with its conspiracy to conceal the Nazi sympathies of their recruits, has been told. The counterbalance is how the Russians sought their booty, including German expertise about atomic energy and rocketry. The producers of next week's Channel 4 documentary **The Other Bomb** (Thursday 10-11pm) have interviewed important Germans who went east: the atomic scientists who travelled voluntarily; and the rocket experts who, in October 1946, three hours after a wonderful Soviet-hosted feast, were victims of Operation Osvakim, a massive Red Army round-up and deportation of themselves and their families.

"From then on, I was never alone, even with my family," explains Dr N Riehl, an atomic scientist who, on arriving in Moscow, discovered that "the Russians knew more about atomic science than us." Riehl's appreciation of Soviet superiority confirms that the German atomic experts had little to offer the Russians. His explanation that the Russians' technology to manufacture uranium "was unsatisfactory" until they received data about the American Manhattan project, confounds those who insist that Klaus Fuchs's revelations were unimportant, including apparently the documentary's producers whose publicity states that "spying...was not crucial" to Soviet expertise.

Hitler, too, was denied the cream of German atomic physicists because, as Jews, they had fled to Britain and America a decade earlier. The rump who remained in Berlin erroneously placed importance on heavy water rather than graphite to purify the uranium, and their efforts were rightly discarded by Hitler as worthless for his war effort. Chastened by their failure, they have falsely claimed ever since to have deliberately sabotaged their own efforts to save mankind. The Soviets punctured that baloney.

Once in Moscow the German scientists were keen and comfortable students accorded the plum status. As Riehl engagingly admits, he returned to West Germany in the early fifties a uniquely lucky man. "I was never a soldier, I was healthy and I was the only German who knew how to build nuclear fuel. So I got a marvellous job."

It is a story rich in irony, not least when Riehl recounts in awe the fear which enveloped his uranium factory when the secret police chief Beria paid a visit. "It was unbelievable for us Germans how afraid (the Russians) were of Beria," explains a man who evidently recalls the pleasures which accompanied visits to German factories by the SS chief Heinrich Himmler.

But then Riehl's unintended confusion is shared by the producers of the documentary. Their film is flawed by interminable archive footage accompanied by morbid commentary and dramatic musak. At their peril they have ignored a cardinal rule. The pictures or the sync (or preferably both) must tell the story, but certainly not lashings of phoney effects. The criticism must also be borne by the commissioning editor at Channel 4 who clearly lacked the editorial ability or film-making experience to steer the hardworking team away from their misjudgment. Just a few hours more editing could have transformed the original material into an infinitely better programme.

Tom Bower's "The Paperclip Conspiracy" was recently published as a Paladin Paperback (£4.95).

Art

Two-dimensional

Lucy Ellmann on painting and consumption

Naked women with suntans striped across their bodies; naked suntanned women with wire wool-encrusted crotches; naked suntanned hirsute women sporting black silk chokers and a pair of dime-store lips but never any eyes—what has got into the American artist Tom Wesselman? Is his shameless concentration on the elements of the female form most loved by pornographers and infantile grafitti artists (not only nipples and pubic triangles but a general blankness) painterly and ironic or just painterly and gratuitously exploitative?

Well, Wesselman's pictures are good to look at, even for the non-male or non-lecherous among us. They combine the abstract qualities of flat bright colours and clear contours with a fascination for the actual look of concrete things, from recumbent breasts to beer cans begging to be drunk. Wesselman derives much of his imagery from advertisements, and many of his collaged materials from billboards as well as magazines and fabric manufacturers. He has conceived a consumer art capable of examining consumer objects.

His earliest collages, on view at the Mayor Gallery, have an ambivalence about their content that rescues them from the resolute flashiness of Wesselman's Pop Art peak. A vague outline of a woman painted against a collaged background makes humanity seem curiously imprecise beside the solid reality of things. This

Bathtub Collage 2: "confusing boundaries"

is less subtly done in a rather engaging assemblage of 1963, in which Wesselman displays with playful honesty everything one needs in a bathroom, including a toilet-seat and toiletries. Only the woman, sudsing herself in the bath-tub while talking on the phone, remains a two-dimensional image. Confusing the boundaries between the spectator and the work of art, we can touch the toilet-paper as she never will.

In another picture, Wesselman hurtfully suggests a woman by a mere flesh-coloured blob bedecked with the requisite sexy lips. She is draped across the painting apparently for the benefit of a row of ice-cream sundaes, as if they rather than she were the consumer.

Wesselman proudly claims Matisse, a real master of clarity, as an influence, but was he perhaps influenced by Matisse's least interesting work? Wesselman's adherence to a single insight into the female body bears a certain resemblance to Matisse's Odalisque period, when the previously avant-garde painter settled into a life of staring at naked women wearing a few fetishised garments. Matisse painted them in great detail, in preparation for reducing them to decorative semi-abstract shapes.

Tom Wesselman: Paintings 1962-1986, at the Mayor Galleries until the end of August.

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Beverley Levy

Video

Reasonably offensive

The video industry is at the forefront of the government's attempts to control the media, says Julian Petley

As the first anniversary of Hungerford approaches, certain newspapers are attempting to revive the "video nasty" scare. Foremost among them is the *Sunday Telegraph*, whose 3 July edition carried a long article which, among other things, attempted to link last January's shooting incident at Ferrers School, Northamptonshire to the horror movie *Critters*, and Michael Ryan's actions to those of Sylvester Stallone in *First Blood*. According to the author, Tom Davies, "the Rambo films in particular and the video industry in general are creating myths which enable murder and rolling great balls of terror and violence all over the world (sic).....We are confronted with a video industry that is rotten to the core. In the name of our children we should start asking just what the hell the video-makers think they are doing. Why are they engaged in this relentless pursuit of murder, violence and death?" And just for good measure the article included pictures of the box covers of the infamous "nasties" *The Last House on the Left*, *Driller Killer* and *Cannibal Holocaust*, failing to mention that these were banned more than four years ago and thus giving the impression that they are still available. Hardly surprisingly, the British Videogram Association has reported the *Sunday Telegraph* to the Press Council.

No one can be in any doubt that at present the government is attempting to pressurise the media—and especially the video and television industries—to impose stricter self-censorship. Take, for example, Mrs Thatcher's remarks to the Press Association on 8 June, when she urged the assembled media representatives to exert "self-discipline and self-regulation", to "uphold, retain and improve your own standards" before the government took powers to "protect our young people from some of the violence and pornography that they would otherwise see".

More specifically, at the opening of the Video 88 conference at Wembley in June, Timothy Renton, Minister of State at the Home Office, stated that "even the most punctilious adherence to the Video Recordings Act leaves questions of tone and general approach for the industry to answer. The test of a healthy video industry is not only whether it complies with the directions of the censor." Afterwards, I asked him if he was suggesting that the industry should obey even *stricter* standards than those laid down by the British Board of Film Classification (which has statutory responsibility for video). He replied that "for the sake of the industry's esteem in the public eye I would have thought it important that it shouldn't be seen as always trying to test the limits of what is considered permissible".

Public image is extremely important to an industry which has had to endure years of "video nasty" stories, and Renton clearly knows how to exploit this particular Achilles' heel. Twice he reminded delegates to the conference that "a sizeable proportion of the population still has the impression that the main output of video distributors is sex, horror and violence. Are you sure that enough is being done to correct that image? Are you quite sure that the image is now entirely undeserved? Are you entirely certain that, whatever the real content of the works, the advertising and packaging does not give a false impression?"

In our later conversation I asked the Minister of State what he thought the industry should be doing to correct its allegedly grubby image. He said he thought it was important to develop the "family side"; this would improve its public face and so lead to greater competitiveness and economic health.

Renton also announced that video would fall under the remit of the new Broadcasting Standards Council. As he said to me: "Since the BSC will be concerned with what is seen and heard in the home it embraces video too." He added that: "It is not for governments to say if videos or television programmes are too violent or not. Government gets involved at its peril."

This "hands off" air seems not a little disingenuous, since Renton admitted that "it is our intention to put the BSC on a statutory basis in due course", and since the record at the *Times*,

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the Arts Council and the BBC of William Rees-Mogg, the man chosen to head the council, is one of unabashed political partisanship.

What makes these various developments all the more disturbing is that the video industry, rather than telling the government to do its own dirty work, seems to be falling over itself in its efforts to show willing. It was the industry, not the government, which urged that trading standards officers should have the power to enforce the Video Recording Act, and the industry which instituted the Video Advertising Review Committee in an attempt to cut down on lurid advertising in video magazines, in video shops and on video packaging (*New Statesman*, 8 April 1988). As Laurence Brown, the controller of the legal standards department at the Video Trade Association (the industry retailers' body) put it at Video 88, "we must convince the government that we are a good industry". One of the ways in which this should be done, he added, is "to ensure that material in our shops is not offensive to any reasonable person". (Interestingly, this last phrase echoes Gerald Howarth's recent attempt to reformulate the Obscene Publications Act.) To this end, the VTA has drawn up the Family Code "to emphasise", as Brown put it, "the family entertainment value of video films" and to encourage video shops to create an atmosphere in which families can feel at ease.

Given the relentless ferocity of the press and parliamentary campaign waged against the video industry in its early days, and still continuing in some quarters, such attitudes are perhaps understandable. Nor, of course, is there anything wrong or surprising about the industry wanting to attract new customers. As Norman Abbott of the British Videogram Association put it at Video 88, "we need to persuade the 50 per cent of video owners who seldom rent and the 20 per cent who never rent".

But are these people *really* put off by the "nasty" aura, and is there *really* a huge, untapped "family" audience out there waiting to be captured? According to the most recent figures put out by the British Market Research Bureau, the "adult" genres do rather better in general on video than the "family" ones. Of total rentals, horror accounts for 14 per cent, thrillers for 17 per cent, war for 10 per cent and science fiction for five per cent. Children's videos score five per cent in toto, "classics" one per cent, and, perhaps surprisingly, pop and rock only one per cent. The most popular of all is comedy at 24 per cent, but the genre is so broad as to include some decidedly "non-family" material.

Could it be possible that one reason why more people don't rent videos is that they don't want to see heavily censored versions of films which they can see complete in the cinema? Even at the height of the "video nasty" scare, public opinion polls showed that a majority of those questioned actually *opposed* video censorship. Rather than pursuing the chimera of "family entertainment", an illusion that largely put paid to the major cinema circuits, perhaps the video industry should be concentrating on resisting the government's blandishments and persuading the BBFC's James Ferman to stop acting like a latterday Bowdler.

Tracy Chapman: intelligent bohemian folk

Music

Bimbos and brainboxes

Stuart Cosgrove on male misconceptions about the new generation of female singer-songwriters

The sight of Tracy Chapman's bohemian folk album sitting near the top of the British charts is strange enough. The fact that its near neighbour is *Kylie*, an LP of instantly forgettable songs by the Australian soap opera star Kylie Minogue, has created a new polarity for the music press.

Now that noise dislocation has lost its novelty as a focal debate in the playground of pop criticism, the boys have turned to their second love: the noble art of inspecting women. Having learned a lesson from Madonna, that women cannot be easily reduced to the extremities of virgin and whore, male criticism has discovered a new polarity. Now there are two pop voices: bimbo or brainbox.

The rise of what is disparagingly known as bimbo pop is best exemplified by 16-year-old wild child Emma Ridley's reworking of the old Alice Cooper hit "School's Out" and by the endless stream of mall-gals like Debbie Gibson and Tiffany, who have come bearing breasts from the valleys of middle America.

The term bimbo originally set sail from the USA, where it played a major part in ending Gary Hart's career as a serious politician, before arriving in Britain, like a flagship of convenience, to describe any young girl singer who happened to be easily seduced by the promise of fame. Bimbos are generally frothy and flirtatious singers who put their brains on hold, uncritically embracing the most obvious patterns of promotion: tight skirts, cascading hair and necklines that plunge deeper than a scuba diver. The term may be recent, the phenomenon is not. Ask Lulu.

If Kylie Minogue, the young temptress from *Neighbours*, is queen of bimbo pop then the remarkable Tracy Chapman is characterised as her polar opposite. Her intelligent and experiential songs, which include the current single "Fast Car," "Talkin' 'Bout A Revolution" and a lyrical expose of wifebeating, "Behind the Wall," have been greeted as an authentic resurgence of the female singer-songwriter tradition. But pop polarities have a familiar habit of obscuring the truth.

The rise of a new generation of female singer-songwriters headed by Tracy Chapman and her erstwhile friend Natalie Merchant of 10,000 Maniacs also has its origins in record company speculation. The point of transformation came last year when Suzanne Vega's album

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Solitude Standing unexpectedy became an international pop hit. Within a few months of Vega's success, every major record company had signed a lyrically intelligent female singer. If bimbo pop is the industry working at its most conspicuous, the rise of female singer-songwriters captures it in a self-congratulatory light. You can almost imagine a scrum of company executives boasting about their new understanding of women's problems, one hand on the car-phone, the other on the secretary's arse.

Tracy Chapman's appearance at the Wembley Mandela concert not only propelled her career into unimagined heights, but also threw her competitors into stark relief. An immediate predecessor, Joan Armatrading, rush released her new album, the peculiarly defeatist *The Shouting Stage* (A&M) while record companies argued over Tannita Tikeram, the coffee-shop vocalist from Basingstoke.

While the women of bimbo pop have been held up to public ridicule, their lyrical counterparts have been treated with a dignity that borders on inverted sexism. Watching Tracy Chapman on *Top of the Pops* is a pleasure that's almost matched by the ludicrous rush of male sycophancy that has greeted her success. While Kylie Minogue has her knickers pulled down in public, the same male critics have sat at the feet of singers like Natalie Merchant and Kristin Hersch of the Boston group Throwing Muses, imagining that the mysteries of the universe are locked in their mind.

Meanwhile, Linda Tillery's *Secrets*, an album released through the American lesbian-feminist label Redwood, has been curiously bypassed. A cross between Tracy Chapman and Gladys Knight, Tillery's songs are predominantly up-tempo disco—a form that has never enjoyed close critical attention—and so her only devoted fans outside the women's movement are the incongruous dancers of the northern soul scene.

The problem with the polarity of bimbo and brainbox is not the way it elevates intelligence but the way it relegates glamour. One of the most intelligent records around is an eponymous album by Vaneese Thomas, a Memphis-born soul singer and youngest daughter of the old sixties trouper Rufus Thomas. It mobilises the same experiential and "womanist" values that are imbued in the novels of Alice Walker but dresses them in a style that has the glamour of disco and the look of an *Ebony* colour supplement. Set in such glossy tones of beauty, Vaneese—a college graduate and a songwriter of exceptional creativity—is unlikely to get attention outside the restricted territories of the black American adult soul market.

Glamour is pop music's greatest deceiver. It has a habit of concealing intelligence rather than emphasising it. Conversely, the white folk tradition Tracy Chapman has chosen to work within has a history of elevating intelligence over glamour. By an odd quirk of pop's convoluted process there is something she could learn from the bimbos. Great songs, shame about the haircut.

Cinema

Saccharine sweet

Suzanne Moore on three new movies with a self-centred taste

If you find the idea of an 11-year-old's mind in the body of a fully grown man an astonishing and hilarious concept then you will probably enjoy **Vice Versa**. But if like me you regard this as a rather depressing and routine phenomenon, then you may well fail to be charmed.

When Marshall, a yuppie workaholic, finds himself in possesion of a jewelled skull after a buying trip in Thailand, he has no idea of its magical powers. Until, that is, he and his 11-year-old son Charlie wish they could swap places. Lo and behold!—the skull grants their wish, and they find that somehow they have swapped bodies.

The result is that young Charlie has to cope with executive board meetings, the horrors of shaving and office politics in the department store where his father works, all while dating his father's girlfriend. Marshall meanwhile, reduced in size though not in arrogance, has to face the problems of school life in the form of

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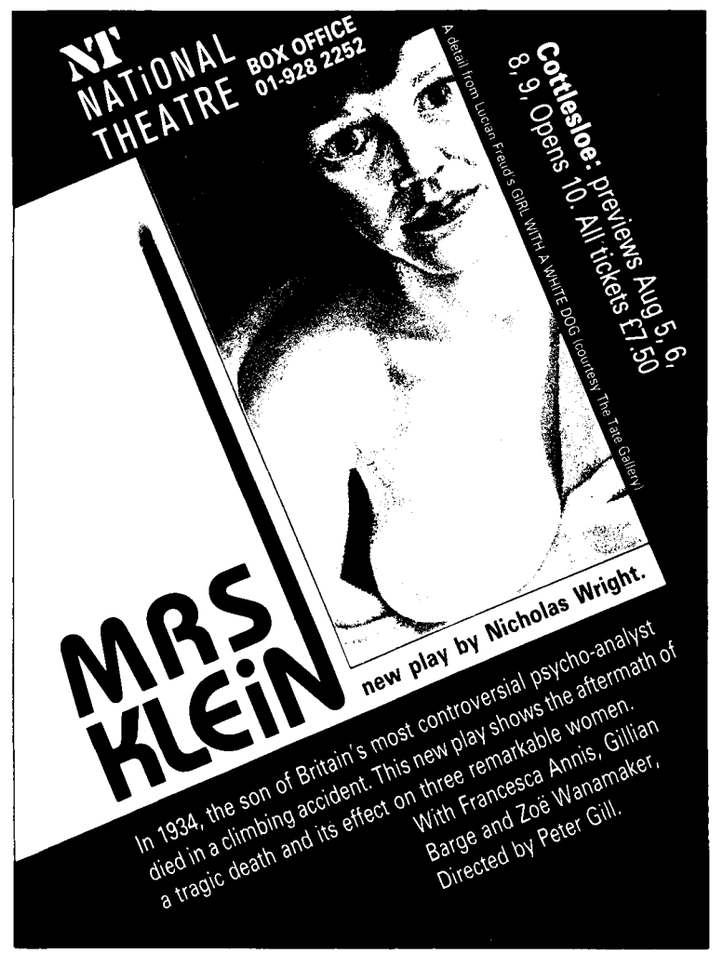
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"A Man in Love": soppy story, soft-focus sex

bullies, boredom and brawling ice-hockey. Weirdest of all, he has to deal with his ex-wife: "This is the woman I couldn't live with as a husband—now I'm going to be her son."

This being a family sort of a film the focus is on the boardroom rather than the bedroom, where Charlie's naivety and innocence outmanoeuvre all his backstabbing colleagues on the company to win the day. The bedroom, of course, would have provided far more disturbing territory but any potential Oedipal explosions remain unignited in this "Freudian nightmare". For Marshall's girlfriend actually *prefers* the new version , finding his uninhibited behaviour and boyishness attractive.

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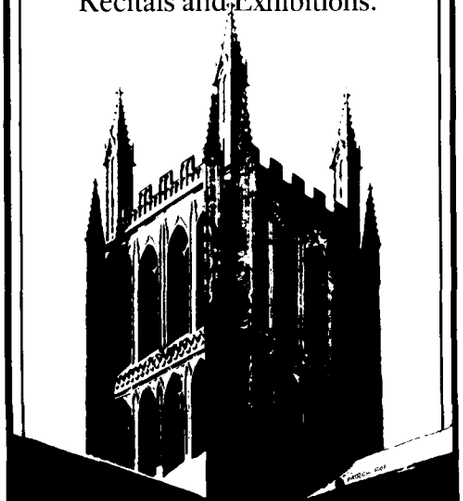

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In the end sentimentality wins out with both father and son restored to their rightful bodies. A little heart is put back into the capitalist heartbeat with love and understanding once more integrated into the work ethic. The normality which this ultimately Yuppie rather than Freudian nightmare has ruptured is reinstated with Charlie and Marshall's relationship strengthened by their bizarre experience. And as the first of a spate of father-son reversal movies, *Vice Versa* offers a reassuring assertion of the primacy of father-son relationships, which in the days of divorce and single parenthood must be increasingly under threat.

While *Vice Versa* explores all that is delightful about childishness, it neglects the selfishness, the demand for attention and the inability to see another person's point of view that is its counterpart. These are qualities deemed to be almost acceptable in certain types of men. The central character of Diane Kurys' new film **A Man in Love** is allowed to be all of these things because he is an *Actor* with a capital A.

A Man in Love uses the film within a film format (of which the most notable example is Truffaut's *Day for Night*), to add interest to a soppy story that would not be out of place in any formula romance novel. Tall, dark, handsome Steve Eliot, a self-obsessed pig of a movie star played by Peter Coyote, is filming the life of Pavese ("a commie poet") in the mythical Cinecitta studios in Rome. A young actress, Jane (Greta Scacchi) arrives to play the part of his lover in the film and sure enough the couple get it on off screen as well, despite the fact that Eliot has a wife and kids back home. Frankly, though, they make being in love look about as exciting as going to the launderette—soft-focus sex, inane giggling and shots of Tuscan countryside do not a torrid affair make.

Both Eliot's sidekick—who caters to his every whim ensuring that he is kept in this childlike state—and his wife (a superbly brittle performance by Jamie Lee Curtis) are far more interesting characters than either of the dreary central couple. And though Eliot says supposedly profound things like "If you think that you can only love one person at a time then you are betraying yourself" it's abundantly clear right from the start that *any* woman is going to get in the way of the most important relationship in his life—the one with himself.

Eddie Murphy is another accomplished narcissist and his new film **Coming to America**, directed by John Landis, allows him to play one of the roles that Americans seem to have taken to their hearts lately. Like Paul Hogan in *Crocodile Dundee* he plays the innocent abroad. As the pampered Prince Akeem, heir to the throne of a fairytale African kingdom, Murphy travels to America to find the woman who will love him for himself rather than his position. He also plays four other parts which owe as much to the prowess of his make-up artists as to his own talent as a mimic.

Coming to America may be an ironic reversal of the usual tale of poor immigrants or indeed slaves coming to America, but it is as predictable and whimsical as any fairy story: like this week's other soft-centred offerings, it has a decidely saccharine after-taste.

MEDIATIONS

Remember when last year the IBA passed a television advertisement by British Nuclear Fuels Limited inviting people to visit Sellafield, and then promptly banned a Greenpeace advertisement about nuclear power on the grounds that it was partial and directed towards a political end? Well, now something similar is happening in the cinema, where the major cinema owners' trade body, the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association (CEA), has decided that in future only basic product advertising will be allowed in cinemas, and that all campaigning and quasi-political advertising is to be banned.

This decision was taken in the light of a hard-hitting £25,000 advertisement by Burkitt Weinreich Bryant for Compassion in World Farming, which was due to be shown with *Saigon* in 20 major British cities. The 18-cert advertisement focuses imaginatively on the horrors of battery farming and urges viewers to buy free-range eggs. According to the CEA: "the controversy surrounding the advertisement was detrimental to the entertainment value of cinema." On investigation this "controversy" seems to amount to comments made about the advertisement on various local radio stations by members of the National Farmers' Union.

The power of the farming lobby was amply demonstrated by the government's recent abject climb-down over the matter of labels in fur coats informing prospective purchasers of the previous occupant's fate. However, the CEA's action raises other important questions. For example, would it prattle on about "entertainment value" if the issue at stake was AIDS or cruelty to children? If campaigners against, say, smoking, alcohol, or sexual stereotyping were to stoke up a controversy over certain advertisements would *they* be listened to so attentively? And finally, isn't this just one more example of an attempt to squeeze awkward moral and ethical questions off the agenda and into virtual invisibility? Groups such as CIWF and Lynx (the anti-fur campaigners for whom David Bailey made an impressive advertisement) do in fact enjoy a good deal of public support. But with television advertising firmly closed to them by the IBA, a largely hostile press, limited resources, and now censorship by the CEA it becomes extremely difficult for them to publicise their very existence, let alone their arguments.

At the moment Euro MP Glyn Ford is investigating the possibilities of bringing the CEA before the European Court of Human Rights and CIWF is urging the environmental health committees of local councils (the committees which licence cinemas) to put pressure on cinemas to refuse to abide by the CEA's ruling.

Julian Petley

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

THE COUNCIL FOR Housing Young People requires live-in Volunteer helpers for its house in Wilton Street, Glasgow. Do your personal qualities combine patience with caring, good listening and communication skills with a substantial degree of understanding? Can you give time, energy and constructive support to the young homeless as they move towards independent living? If this all sounds too much then worry not, we are not looking for Saintly Martyrs or people with a PhD in human behaviour, and if you've read this far then it's likely that you possess the most important attribute required for the job - a deep concern for young people and their continuing welfare. Tel: 041 946 9207 for further details, or write to C.H.Y.P. Hostel, 171 Wilton Street, G20 6DF.

CHESTER AID to the Homeless require Volunteer Wardens to work for 6-12 months in their two hostels. Full board plus holiday and personal allowance provided. For further details and application form contact: Anita Presford on 0244 318360 or write Roodee House, 22 Grosvenor St, Chester, GH1 2DD.

KIDS FAMILY CENTRE based Camden requires volunteers for the summer holiday play scheme for ILEA children with special needs NOW! Expenses paid. For more information please contact Ann Walsh or Liz Dodd on 01-431 0596 or write to The Kids Family Centre, 13 Pond Street, London, NW3 2NP.

CRESCENT Community Centre, NW5. We aim to promote the use of the centre by ALL members of the community. We need volunteers urgently to help both with established groups and to help set up new initiatives, especially with women, blacks and the ethnic minorities. Contact Catherine, Geoff or Martin on 485 7686.

PACE, the Project for Advice, Counselling & Education, based at the London Lesbian and Gay Centre is keen to invite Black lesbians and gay men to join their team of volunteer counsellors. In extending their counselling services they are focusing on the counselling needs of gay men and Black lesbians and how the project might be accessible to them. Their counsellors work with a range of counselling pers pectives on both a short and a long term basis and offer one to three one-hour sessions a week. PACE offers regular supervision and support to all their counsellors as well as some training. If you are interested in offering your skills and experience to PACE, please phone them on 251 2689 between 9.30 and 5pm.

THE EASTON COMMUNITY Association in Bristol, needs local volunteers to help with a fund-raising appeal for a new community centre. Administrative experience preferred but all offers are welcome. Majority of money is already raised through Government grants, and building work starting soon. Please ring Bristol 541409 or 521931, or write to Easton Community Association, Kilburn Street, Easton, Bristol, BS5 6AW.

WANTED - Volunteers for young Single Homeless Project in Hatfield. Over 21? Clean driving licence? Good humoured? Tough too? Able to live on £37.25 a week for a year? Residential job with supportive and enthusiastic team, working with young people in Hostel, Day Centre and Community. Phone or write to Phil Rogers, Bridges Project, 9b St. Albans Road East, Hatfield, Herts, AL10 OES. Telephone: (07072) 66834.

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Director of Education, Education Department, County Offices, Matlock, Derbyshire, DE4 3AG. Phone Matlock (0629) 580000 ext 6485.
It is not necessary for previous applicants to re-apply as their applications will be reconsidered. Closing date - 19 August 1988.

The Council's policy is that all people receive equal treatment regardless of their sex, marital status, sexual orientation, race, creed, colour, ethnic or national origin, or disability.

DERBYSHIRE
County Council
Supports Nuclear Free Zones

PRINCIPAL RESEARCH OFFICER/ DEPUTY DIRECTOR

AUSTRALIA

The Brotherhood of St Laurence is a welfare agency committed to improving the position of disadvantaged people. Through its Social Policy and Research Centre it undertakes research and policy work in the priority areas of child and family poverty, housing and employment.

A social scientist with experience as principal investigator, research supervision and management is sought to manage a research unit.

Postgraduate qualifications and experience in the use of quantitative techniques and data sets would be an advantage.

Further information and a position description are available from the Human Resources Manager, Brotherhood of St Laurence, 67 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, Victoria 3065, Australia. Telephone (613) 419 7055.

Applications close on September 2, 1988.

arm5834

BROTHERHOOD
BROTHERHOOD OF ST LAURENCE
67 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, Victoria 3065, Australia

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Association of Cinematograph, Television and Allied Technicians

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Hours: 35 per week.

Apply: Jacqui Mulder, ACTT, 111 Wardour St, London, W1V 4AY.

Closing date for applications: 8th August, 1988.

ACTT is an equal opportunities employer and applications are welcome regardless of race, ethnic origin or sexuality. We are committed to increasing employment opportunities for disabilities and, although this job is open to any applicant, applications from people with disabilities will be particularly welcome.

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Applicants should possess excellent interpersonal and organisational skills. An established and proven interest on voluntary service organisations would be a considerable asset.

Application forms and job descriptions are available from Jean Hudson, Personnel Assistant, on 01 672 1255 Ext. 51646.

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Write with full CV to:

Editor, Teacher, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, WC1H 9BS by 20th August.

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Ardale is getting there!

Ardale CH(E) is expanding!

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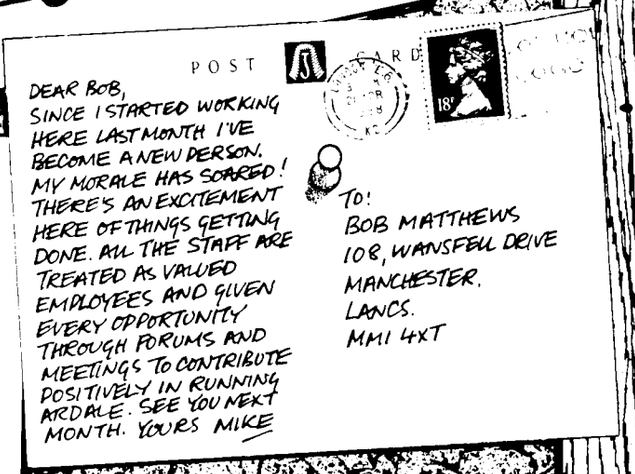
A big vote of confidence for our staff!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Comprehensive job specifications will be provided with application forms available from the Director of Social Services, 99 The Grove, Stratford, London E15 1HR or telephone 01 519 2095 (24 hour answer service) or simply complete and mail the coupon. *Closing date: 12th August 1988.*

To Director of Social Services,
99 The Grove, London E15 1HR.

I am interested in the post(s)
a ☐ b ☐ (please tick)

Please send me details

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All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

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London Borough of Camden

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

Day/Residential Care Division

Intermediate Treatment Officer

(Temporary until 23/4/89)
£11,691 - £13,575 p.a. inc. (Sc6/SO1)
(Job share - 17.5 per week - expected to work some evenings/weekends)

To be responsible to the Principal Intermediate Treatment Officer for jointly managing the Crescent projects building. Co-ordinate and develop Intermediate Treatment north of the Borough with other field offices specifically for Area 4.
You will be expected to support and supervise part-time staff. Experience of working with difficult adolescents and Intermediate Treatment groups/projects essential.
Ref: 10/115/NS.

Children Resource Group Section

Assistant Intermediate Treatment Officer

£10,488 - £11,373 p.a. pro rata (15 hours per week - West Hampstead area)

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You must be able to work as part of a team and undertake mainly evening work.
Ref: 10/116/NS.

Learning Disabled Resource Group

Assistant Organiser - Outreach Support Team

£10,488 - £12,387 p.a. inc. (35 hours)

We are a team of nine staff whose main focus is the personal development and support to this client group, working towards ordinary living.
We are looking for someone with flair and commitment to participate in the management, delivery and development of this service. A minimum of 2 years experience of work with this client group is essential.
Persons from Black/Ethnic minorities are under-represented in this service and we would therefore welcome applications from them.
Ref: 10/117/NS.
Closing date 15 August, 1988.

Application form from and to be returned to Social Services Departmental Personnel Unit, Willing House, 356/364 Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1X 8BH. Telephone: 01-837 5621 (ansafone).

Camden Services

equal opportunity employer

Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post, with equal opportunities for women, black/ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities, and regardless of marital status, age, creed/ religion and unrelated criminal conviction. All posts are open for job-sharing.

LEICESTER RIGHTS CENTRE

PROJECT CO-ORDINATOR

The Centre is a second-tier law centre providing information, advice consultation and training to voluntary and statutory agencies in the city of Leicester. It also undertakes some case work and research in various fields of welfare law. The Project Co-Ordinator is responsible for the smooth and efficient running of the Centre, for the supervision of administrative staff, and for our external relations with funding bodies, the wider community etc.

Applicants should have relevant experience in law centres, advice centres or similar agencies, as well as appropriate financial and administrative experience. Familiarity with local government, advice work or community work in the voluntary sector would be an advantage. The postholder will be expected to have or to develop an expertise in one of the centre's specialist areas of advice.

The Centre aims to be an equal opportunities employer and is currently developing its policy. The successful applicant will be expected to help in formulating and implementing this policy. Salary £12804 - £13812 (PO1).

For further details and applications forms contact: Leicester Rights Centre, 6 Bishop Street, Leicester, LE1 6AF (0533 553781).

Closing date for applications August 31st 1988.

Interviews 14th September 1988.

LATIMER HOUSE DAY HOSPITAL

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(£6,076 - £7,056)

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Bloomsbury is known for its supervision structure and its appraisal system. It provides in-service training and encourages further training.

Informal contact: Kerry Childs, Head Occupational Therapist, South Wing, St Pancras Hospital. Tel: 387 4411 (01) Ext: 216.

Applications forms from the Personnel Department, The National Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, London, NW1. Closing date: 12th August 1988. Tel: 387 9300 (01) Ext: 5530.

BLOOMSBURY HEALTH AUTHORITY - WORKING TOWARDS EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

UNIVERSITY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Centre for Urban and Regional Development Studies

Research Associate

Cultural Industries and Urban and Regional Development

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The successful candidate is likely to have a first degree in Geography, Economics or Sociology and postgraduate research experience, preferably involving survey research. The appointment will be for one year from 1st October 1988 in the first instance. Salary will be on the Grade IA Scale £9,865 - £15,720 per annum according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars can be obtained from **Mrs. N. Parker, Administrative Assistant, Centre for Urban and Regional Development Studies, University of Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 7RU** with whom applications (three copies) together with the names of three referees should be lodged not later than 31st August 1988.

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Colne Creative Writing, Colnehaven, Philip Road, Wivenhoe, Essex, CO7 9DN.

Rates for unwaged.

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NUPRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE

The Organisation of Community Based Care for People with Mental Illness

University of York

26-27 September 1988

Ring 01-690-1184 for programme and application form

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Applications are invited for a new course leading to the MSc in Politics of Rights. The core course for the degree covers politics of human rights as implemented in national and international law; theories and concepts of rights, race and gender; the control of arbitrary power. Optional components include women's studies, righs to education, competing rights, women and development, and other politics options taught at Birkbeck College. **The structure of the course enables students to concentrate their work in Women's Studies if they wish to.**

The length of the course is two calendar years part-time, one calendar year full-time.

Further details are available from:

Margherita Rendel, Course Tutor, Human Rights and Education, Institute of Education University of London, 58 Gordon Square, London, WC1H ONT.

Conferences

TRANS-SEXUALITY Gender & Society

Day conference to be held in Central London during September

Details from

Genetic Research Foundation, 292b Preston Road, Harrow, Middlesex, HA3 OQA

Telephone: (01) 904 9502

TAVISTOCK INSTITUTE OF MARITAL STUDIES

Marital, Family and Client-Worker Interaction

Practice-based weekly seminars for the helping professions.

October 1988-May 1989.

Application forms from Benita Dyal, Tavistock Institute of Marital Studies, Tavistock Centre, 120 Belsize Lane, London, NW3 5BA. Telephone No: 01-435 7111.

Closing date: 19th September, 1988.

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK Service: Social-Economic History; World Politics. State wants. 01-876-7254. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13 9LR.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also, review copies, Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

Holidays/Travel

TEACHERS' HOSPITALITY NETWORK Directory lists hosts (all teachers) offering friendly and good value weekend and holiday accomodation nationwide. S.A.E. details: THN (N), 30a Kingsgate Road, London, NW6 4TB.

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AUSTRALIAN LABOR PARTY SOCIETY OF THE UK Come along, have a drink and discuss Australian politics in a friendly Aussie atmosphere. Regular guest speakers with an antipodean flavour. We meet on the third Tuesday of each month at the Marquis of Granby, Chandos Stree, by Trafalgar Square. Contact Kate O'Rourke on 01- 837 8614.

Publications

PERESTROIKA: GLOBAL CHALLENGE Gorbachev and others on disarmament, developoment and the environment. Edited by Ken Coates. "Should command attention" (Neil Kinnock) "We can speak till we are blue in the face... nothing will change till we start acting" (Mikhail Gorbachev) Paper £4.95. Also Ken Coates' SOCIALISM 21, facing up to the crisis of national democracy as socialism approaches the 21st Century. £1. From Spokesman. Gamble Street, Nottingham, NG7 4ET.

Billboard —Theatre

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01 638 8891. Evening Performances 7.30pm, Matinees 2pm Thursday & Saturday. BARBICAN THEATRE 5-11 August THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekov (7pm, 9 August). THE PIT: 5-11 August, Press Night 8 August 7pm HYDE PARK by James Shirley. RSC at THE ALMEIDA: 5-6 August HELLO AND GOODBYE by Athol Fugard; 9,10,11 (7pm) August KEEPING TOM NICE by Lucy Gannon

NATIONAL THEATRE 01 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) THE SMALL FAMILY BUSINESS. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, THE CHANGELING. Cottesloe (small stage) MRS KLEIN by Nicholas Wright (Preview), THE STRANGENESS OF OTHERS. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01 928 2256.

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OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

WHO CAN REASSURE this lively attracive male journalist (young 40) that unattached intelligent slim London women are not extinct? Tel/photo please. Write Box (30) 056.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

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TALL AUSTRALIAN WOMAN, former New York resident, would like friendship with man 38-48. Important are good food, cats, theatre, music, a psychological viewpoint and leftish ideas. Write to Box (28) 043.

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ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (44) slim, seeks reasonably tall, non-smoking man. Interested in Green issues, arts, etc. London or South East. Reply to Box (31) 063.

ATTRACTIVE, WARM, non-smoking, divorced, blond psychologist, 50, seeks an intelligent, sensitive man who enjoys travel, walking, music food, conversation. North London. Please reply to Box (31) 064.

IF YOU ARE AN INDEPENDENT professional lady - non-smoker over 35, living within easy travelling distance of London and have time and space in your life for a desirable, divorced professional gentlemen, write Box (31) 065.

AFFECTIONATE, EXTROVERT FEMALE (Northern based), wide interests; politically active; seeks tall, shy, unattached self-sufficient male, 35-45, (London based) for weekend/holiday friendship. Please write to Box (31) 066.

INDEPENDENT, BRIGHT, BREEZY, attractive woman, 35, seeks compatible man. Likes walking, talking, music, drinking and gardening. S. Yorks/N. Derbys. Write Box (31) 067.

WANTED: SOCIALIST WOMAN, possibly interested in arts, language(s), countryside, music, education, parenthood. Male writer, 56, unattached, pleasant looks, non-smoker, seeks caring and physical relationship. Photo would be appreciated. London area. Box (31) 068.

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THE DIGGER

Michael Leapman finds after our British summer the soggy "Sun" has its uses... in the garden

I wrote the other week that real gardeners don't take holidays. Some of us, though, succumb to family pressure. We put in a lot of spadework with the neighbours beforehand, making elaborate arrangements for plots and plants to be watered while we are away.

Returning this time, I found that none of it was necessary. Record July rainfall meant that the most useful thing the neighbours could have done was to put a cover over the allotment, like a test match wicket. This might not have been too good for the vegetables but it would at least have kept down the weeds and snails that took advantage of the conditions to run rampant.

The snails had clearly enjoyed my lettuce (Webb's Wonderful—like me, they enjoy the traditional varieties best). As for the weeds, my runner beans were worst afflicted. This is because for the last few years I have grown dwarf runners, a variety called Pickwick, that reach only about two feet high.

I decided on that course mainly through shame. Carpentry has never been my strong suit and the support structures I built for my runners, plastic netting stretched untidily between poles, could never compare with the elaborate devices erected by my neighbouring plot-holders, using tall, stout sticks and even old gas pipes.

Last year one of my neighbours countered my dwarf ploy by growing Pickwick himself (*as well as* a full-length variety, mind). As soon as they started producing beans he began to tell me how stringy they were, compared with his usual varieties. I said I had never found that a problem. Indeed, I insisted boldly, we thought the beans remarkably tender. But to press home his point, my uncompromising neighbour scornfully ripped out all his dwarf plants after the first couple of pickings.

Confronted with such blatant moral pressure, the only way to save face was defiantly to sow Pickwick again this year. But on my first visit to the plot after the holiday they were invisible. The fleeting suspicion that my neighbour had ripped *mine* up this time proved unfounded when I noticed a few scarlet flowers poking through a thick clump of weeds.

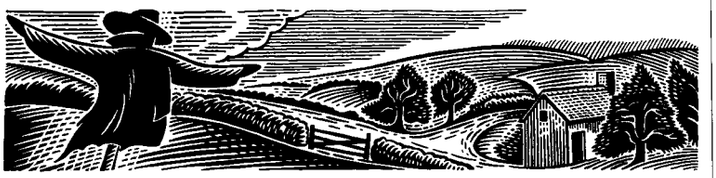
I recalled that Pickwick aren't too fond of competition for their air space. Last year I sowed them too close to the potatoes and they languished until I dug up the spuds, when they roared quickly into action. Now the weeds have been cleared from around them, they are already starting to bean with enthusiasm.

In a fit of perversity, or what I suppose amounts to a macho gesture in gardening terms, I also sowed some climbing French beans this year, so I had to display my paltry skills with the Netlon, string and stakes after all. These have germinated poorly, though. They look dreadfully straggly compared with the lush growth on the neighbours' runners. Probably it is because last winter I did not get around to preparing a trench lined with soggy newspapers—a traditional method of growing beans that has worked well for me in the past. The *Sun* works best because... well, fill in your own payoff line.

In a way, it is lucky the climbing beans have not done better. Last week's high winds would, I am sure, have blown them to the ground were it not for the large gaps that allowed the gusts through. As it was, they swayed alarmingly and another windy spell could still put paid to them. Next year I really must get some proper material and build a stable support structure. I don't want nonconformity to turn into an obsession. Anyone got any old gas pipes?

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward seeks Robert Owen's ghost at New Lanark and meets a lumpen communard



Fifteen years ago, writing a school book on utopias, I went to Robert Owen's New Lanark in its spectacular gorge near the Falls of Clyde, which provided the power for the monumental cotton mills that once employed 2,000 people.

It was a ghost village. The Gourock Ropework Company had closed in 1968, and a firm called Metal Extraction had bought it and filled it with aluminium slag. Junk was everywhere and even the roof of Owen's famous school had caved in. Better a humble use than demolition, I supposed, but the metal firm only employed eight people in this area of high unemployment.

Of the handful of people and bodies interested in this particular slice of our history, none could conceivably take on the prohibitive cost of restoring the place. Yet it presents a truer picture of Scotland's heritage than all the *Bonny Prince Charlie slept here* industry. David Dale, a Glasgow banker, built the mills and a big house for the 500 pauper children he imported from Edinburgh. Then he built more to attract the poverty-stricken farm workers. Finally he found at Greenock a shipload of families from Skye, victims of the Highland Clearances destined to be forcibly dumped in North America. By 1796 he had four mills with 1,340 workers, 750 of them children, half of whom were under nine, working from six in the morning until seven at night.

An everyday story of the industrial revolution in fact. But then came Owen, who had left school at nine in Wales and before he was 20 was the manager of the biggest mill in Lancashire. In 1799, with a shrewdness worthy of the enterprise culture, he married Dale's daughter and bought the mills. He stayed for 25 years, built a school, the first co-op grocery, a laundry, a vegetable market and houses better than any workers' homes in Scotland. He paid higher wages for shorter hours than any other manufacturer, and still took enough in profit to go off and found the Cooperative Community of New Harmony in the USA.

Owen claimed that New Lanark had become "a self-employing, self-supporting, self-educating, and self-governing population". What the workers thought about it we don't know, but last week Jim Arnold stressed that New Lanark, with its 150 residents, is today "far more democratic than in Owen's day".

He's the manager (the same title that Owen used) of the New Lanark Conservation Trust, the body set up in 1974 to unite interests and apply for grant aid. To me, going back there, the changes are staggering. Much of the housing has been restored and occupied through grants, and enough work has been done to make one of the mills function as a visitors' centre, with the Scottish Wildlife Trust running the Falls of Clyde Nature Reserve. In an area with over 20 per cent unemployment, there are 240 people employed with MSC money.

With all the usual reservations about the Heritage industry, I could not but admire the sheer organisational zest with which the transformation has been accomplished. I was there for an International Conference on Utopian Thought and Communal Experience organised by Israeli kibbutzniks on the one hand and American academics on the other, with some direct descendants of Dale and Owen for sentimental reasons and accounts of current alternative communities for relevance.

The communitarian urge persists, despite every discouragement. Ron Roberts of Northern Iowa, for example, presented a paper on *Lumpen communards: recent attempts at community by the homeless in the US*, and resisted the tendency to measure the success or failure of any such venture by its longevity. Krishan Kumar of Kent University provided a thought for the week. "No organisations should last long," he declared. "They all begin to ossify from the moment they are set up."

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3037 Set by E O Parrott
Versions of *Hamlet, Pride & Prejudice, Jane Eyre, Tess of the d'Urbevilles*, or any other play or novel you can think of, in the style of Raymond Chandler please. Max 160 words. To be in by 17 August.

No 3034 Set by E O Parrott
Sniping at *King Lear, Moby Dick*, the *Mona Lisa*, Beethoven's Ninth or any painting, piece of architecture, music or book you can think of, in the style of *The Critics* on Radio Three.

Report by Grace Elegy
I'm afraid I shall have to be somewhat brief this week as it is *really* Lord Lucan's turn to act as judge and jury. There has been no reply from Buenos Aires for some weeks now and I've been roped in at short notice. An extremely good set of entries. Noel Petty and Gerard Benson were excellent, and I felt more than a passing sympathy with Basil Ransome-Davies: "I have to say I almost gave up on this one". The book? Why, *Moby Dick*. Ten pounds to the winners, with an extra three for Davies, Petty and Benson.

"Plausibility is not, of course, the be-all, or for that matter the end-all (chuckles from the panel) — however, a successful military commander who believes in witches and a *deus ex machina* in the body of a Caesarian adversary do overstretch the willing suspension...(more chuckles). The pentameter is inadequate and shows a woeful disregard for "number", syllables being added and subtracted apparently at whim; and the characters, such as they are, are crudely delineated. What do you think, Constance Plunket-Jones?

"I do agree. And I was disappointed in the imagery. (Murmurs of agreement.) We have come to expect potent imagery from Mr Shakespeare—and a little wildness—but visualisation *must* be possible for it to be valid. (Quite. Yes, yes.) Here, though, we have such grotesqueries as 'Pity like a naked newborn babe striding the blast' which leave one boggling!"

"Haha. Yes. Although I'd like to say, in the man's defence that there are effective moments—the dagger hallucination, for instance, is refreshingly psychedelic."

"Oh quite."

Gerard Benson

"...I tend to agree, but for quite different reasons, I think. You see, I don't happen to regard him as a bad architect. On the contrary, I think he's a very *good* architect. And that's why I'm rather sad, and why I think Christopher himelf is probably disappointed. After all, he achieved a lot when he was younger. Only the other day he told me that if he wanted a memorial all he had to do was look around. But remember, of course, that his London churches and his work in Oxford are all fairly small in scale. Clearly, the moment he moves up—as it were—to something bigger, he's in all sorts of trouble. You know, if you're designing a cathedral in a place like London in this post-Gothic age, you need a bit more than a classical repertoire and a few baroque flourishes..."

David Heaton

...and our novel this week is *Moby Dick*, a seafaring tale by an American writer. Julian?

I have to say I almost gave up on this one. I think the problem is that Melville couldn't make up his mind what to write about. On the one hand, there's an awful lot of whale lore, on the other there's a confused story about a metaphysical quest. And the characters are very crudely drawn. I'm afraid it didn't come off for me.

Deidre?

Yes, I agree. In fact I simply got bogged down. The language is dreadfully inflated and there seem to be a lot of anecdotes stuck in just to fill out the narrative. Obviously it's a literary experiment gone wrong. I suppose it's really that the Americans don't have a strongly grounded tradition of realistic fiction. I believe the author gave up writing to become a civil servant, and I'm afraid I can see why.

Basil Ransome-Davies

CHESS

Nowadays it's silicon chips with everything, but chess combines particularly well—in fact, so well that the prospects can make you quite giddy. I must be suffering from raptures of the new technology, because I keep having this electronic dream that we are already living in a world where tournaments are played on sensory boards wired to computers, and that these in turn relay the grandmaster's latest move round the globe, before his fingers have depressed the button on the clock.

Of course, this is all perfectly feasible. It's just that it hasn't happened yet. Thanks to David Levy and Kevin O'Connell, sensory boards have been used in a few prestige events over the last two years. But so far their function has been limited to taking over from human eyes, brains and hands the job of controlling demonstration boards for the benefit of spectators at the site of the tournament. Once the electronic representation of a game has gone this far, it seems a pity that there is no further direct link to TV set or home computer.

That is standard fare on every computer technology menu—always jam tomorrow. What we are fortunate enough to have today in the UK are the services available through Teletext and British Telecom's Prestel. If you are after results and games from major events, the best bet is the BBC's well established **Ceefax** service on **page 268**. **Oracle**'s chess section (for which go to **page 537**) serves up problems and puzzles, rather than news and games. Unfortunately, the diagrams available on teletext are, to my eyes, just not good enough for this purpose.

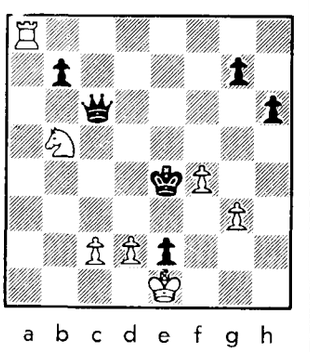
Potentially, Prestel has far more to offer, not least because it is interactive. There is a long list of subscribers who play by electronic mail—not only quicker, but also cheaper than conventional correspondence. **ChessSpot**, run by Jenny Goldsmith and Jack Cohen, is a sort of electronic chess magazine, and as such is governed by the GIGO principle: if no good stuff is being sent in, it is bound to be dull. But the coverage that it provided of the World Cup tournaments in Brussels and Belfort was a revelation. To access Prestel you need a computer, modem and communications software—which, as yet, not every home has.

In an effort to snap out of this fawning on the future, I ask: What's so great about the latest moves? Are those played 5 minutes ago so much better or more important to us than those played 50 years ago? I don't know why they should be, any more than I understand why the contents of newspapers seem of more personal interest than those of history books. We could pretend that we already know the old stuff, but the truth is that things are more likely to be the other way round. For instance, in what games has a British player beaten a reigning world champion? Short-Kasparov, OHRA 1986, and before that Karpov-Miles, Skara 1980, and before that Penrose-Tal, Leipzig 1960 spring to mind—whereas this fine game has almost been forgotten:

Lasker-Blackburne, London 1899. Ruy Lopez. 1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. Bb5 d6 4. d4 Bd7 5. d5 Nb8 6. Bd3 Be7 7. Nc3 Nf6 8. Ne2 c6 9. c4 Na6 10. Ng3 Nc5 11. Bc2 b5 12. b4 Nb7 13. dxc6 Bxc6 14. cxb5 Bxb5 15. a4 Bd7 16. 0-0 g6 17. h3 Creates an unnecessary weakness, whereas White would be better after 17. a5 and 18. Bb3. **h5 18. Be3 a5 19. b5 Rc8 20. Rc1 Nc5 21. Nd2 h4 22. Ne2 g5! 23. Bxg5** Perhaps this was unwise, but the danger was far from obvious. **Rg8 24. Bxh4 Bxh3 25. Bg3 Be6 26. Re1 Ng4 27. Nf1 Bg5 28. Rb1 Rh8 29. Nc3 Bf4 30. Nd5 Qg5 31. f3** Now comes a brilliant combination. **Rh1+! 32. Kxh1 Bxg3 33. Nxg3 Nf2+ 34. Kg1 Nxd1 35. Nf5 Bxf5 36. exf5 Qd2!** and, though Lasker—in truth something of a bitter-ender—struggled on for ten more moves, Black had a winning material advantage (Queen v Rook).

Last Week's Position (8/4p3/3k4/P5Pp/8/2P5/3P4/4b1K1), A. Ivanov, 1951: White draws by **1. g6 Ke6 2. a6 Bxd2 3. Kf2 Bxc3 4. Ke3 Ba5 5. Kf4 Bb6 6. Kg5 Be3+ 7. Kxh5 Kf6 8. a7! Bxa7 9. Kh6 Bd4 10. g7 Kf7 11. Kh7! Bxg7** and stalemate.

Problem
White is to play and win in this 1905 study by Vasily Platov. Look out for some dazzling manoeuvres with the Rook after **1. Re8+ Kd5**.



George Botterill

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- It's certainly ambitious in scale. I mean, to cover the ground from creation to last judgment in a first novel is something we haven't seen before. So full marks for energy, but does it work? Julian?
- Not at every level, I'm afraid. Mixing more-or-less myth with more-or-less history is a recipe for disaster. How did you feel about the style, Vanessa?
- Again, over-ambitious. Those long passages about how Ephraim beget Shuthelah and so forth: one can see what he's trying to do, of course, but it takes a Joyce to handle that sort of thing successfully. To be fair, though, it may have lost something in translation.
- Or gained something (*sycophantic laughter*).
- Over all, then, it sounds as though we wouldn't describe it as a Good Book. Was there anything you did like in it though, Julian?
- Well, I did think Haggai was awfully good.
- (*All join in*) Yes, yes, Haggai. Awfully good...etc.

Noel Petty

"Of course the amount of detail is absurd for a ceiling that is so far away."

"That raises the point, Andrew, as to whether one should try and use ceilings at all. Antonia?"

"Certainly *not* for religious subjects, I mean one needs the detail if the religiosity is to come over."

"For me there was just too much religious atmosphere in the place. I mean a chapel is sufficiently religious in its furnishing anyway—the altar and so forth. A religious ceiling on top of everything else is just *de trop*."

"A bolder simpler geometric pattern then. Perhaps in monochrome."

"It would have given the place a more filmic plasticity for my money."

A Boteman

IF THE CAP FITS

No 79

Now Paddy Ashdown's won, what do you think the triumphant chap is saying to his wife? Or *vice versa*? Answers on a postcard, please, by 12 August. A tenner for the winner.

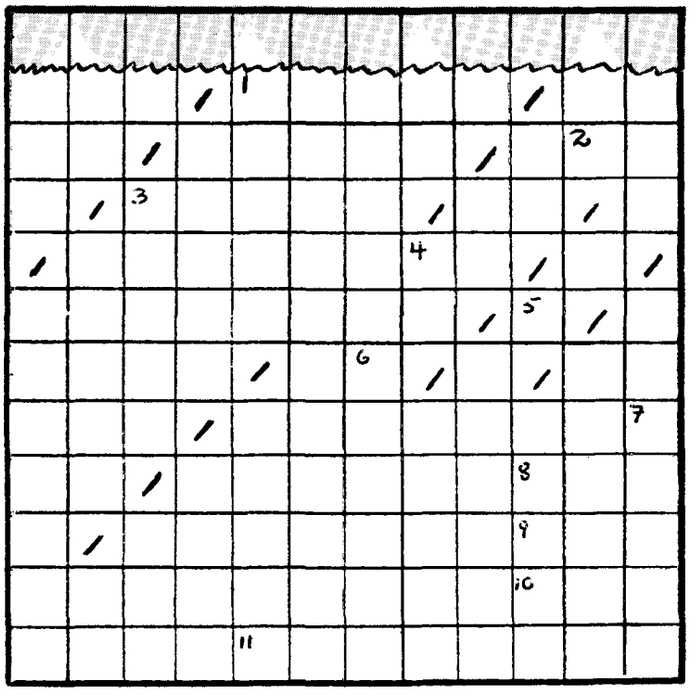
No 77

Healey: "I look forward to the day when we lose *all* our elections by this sort of margin." *(N Thomas, Warminster.)*

SALAMANCA

COLLINS DICTIONARIES

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Concise English Dictionary* for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 137, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 30 August.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

Each column/row (except that shaded) should be considered as cyclical, that is if a word runs over the grid edge it continues on the opposite side in the same direction in the same column or row, bars being unnecessary. Thematic column answers entered normally are clued only as compound anagrams given in any order, any letters they misprint in rows given as the original form *as if misprinted by rows*. Each row except the first contains a word consisting of three, four and five letters, in any order, any one of the words entered normally, one with a misprint of one letter (included in the secondary clueing) and one as a jumble, and the clues are really three run together but not overlapping to the three answers read in order of appearance, each sequence beginning in its numbered square with the answer that is entered normally. Marked squares contain further relevant words, and to complete the image solvers are invited to link all four upper Ks (centres of squares) with the same upward-centred arc, the lowest pair with a downward-centred one, link the middle Ks centred by R to that R by two upward-centred arcs, and that R to the K in the same column by a straight line.

Salamanca 137: "Summery"

Columns: i) ALOHA RACE TOO
ii) CALL BIRCH RUE
iii) FINE FOR DOUGH
iv) GRIM NOVEL ERR
v) HEADS MUG POPE
vi) MEEK YU AMULET
vii) MONKS HEED ANA
viii) OLD EURO JAPAN
ix) PATCH A KILNER
x) REPAID A CEORL
xi) RISKY NEAR REP
xii) UK SOCIAL AGUE

Rows

1. Measure of crew short of energy in boat-race displaying distinctive character, showy, following sweeping stroke (3,4,5)
2. Jock's plunder rescued from fire that's surrounded a diamond reserve former Union's held of little weight (4,3,5)
3. Trouble with edible fish will finally pass when with last pieces of dough Christ's to demonstrate power with wandering (3,4,5)
4. Mac's cattle, kept in a murky enclosure, liable to give work to either of two little girls scrubbing a wooden ring, gathering a lot of dry fruit (3,4,5)
5. Shoot revolver over mock heads of Londoners and kill hundreds (a hundred thousand), taking time turning blunder to luck finally getting the bird (3,4,5)
6. Collector with three-quarters of a pint argued, wasted time and then bellowed (in beastly fashion) a long poem of Pope's incorrectly, missing out second part (3,5,4)
7. Pigeons on ground eating, tending perhaps to fly sadly when a short girl, a sweetheart mostly, bears measure of wire (5,4,3)
8. Something cat likes—a large bird that's round—a large bird regularly found in a pond, rank liquid mud you see on middle of wharf (3,4,5)
9. Fiddle among practising jugglers, a tidy arrangement in chancels, the idea being to get a target with time to get away (3,5,4)
10. Take half a day to hammer symbolic drawing (by Earl, say) of cattle with Imperial-Royal name to rear of stage (3,5,4)
11. No longer gripped hard by one's Lord, pieces of round stone, almost more precious when showing old injury (4,3,5)

The solution to Salamanca 136 will be published next week.

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What sort of school is it where all students have a record of achievement and teachers are treated with respect? An ILEA comprehensive, of course, says Philip Simpson

Speech days were among the least happy days of my school life. Brown-uniformed ranks of seated pupils were broken only by the subdued colours of the university gowns worn by the teachers sitting at the ends of rows. At the front, the star pupils waited to receive prizes; from the platform, the spokesman of the officer class told us about the rich world of adult life now opening to us. (It didn't seem to exciting to me: I had a job lined up at the Co-op.) The event concluded with the school song, sung in Latin. Most of us couldn't pronounce the words, let alone understand them, so we joined in as heartily as English footballers singing the national anthem.

They manage these things better at the comprehensive school attended by my sons. The afternoon is really a formal farewell to fifth form students, and they turn up in the current fashions: short hair and sporty clothing for the boys, casual with touches of glamour for the girls. Large numbers of parents, some with children in their arms, pack the school hall. All the students go up to shake hands with the guest of honour, a former teacher clearly loved by many of the students. Each receives not a prize but a record of achievement which presents a positive account of each student's school life: a full record of courses taken, a detailed assessment by each teacher, and, most impressively, an account by the student of his or her attainments and interests. All these are presented in a substantial folder, beautifully typed, with the student's self-assessment given the status of the teachers' reports. It's a fair record of school life which parents and potential employers find informative, even revealing.

Although the record of achievement was presented by the guest, she was assisted by the class tutor, the teacher who had pastoral responsibility for a class throughout most of a student's school life. Embraces and handshakes accompany the presentations, with some tears from staff and students. Most of the girls manage the exchange with style and direct expression of emotion, but some of the boys are a little embarrassed, though not ashamed. It all takes a long time but the parents seem to enjoy the symbolic end to this phase of their children's education.

Non-academic achievement is also recognised. We had a *victor ludorum* at my school, but this time all the soccer team came up to receive an acknowledgement for a successful year which had included soundly beating a local public school. One player interrupted this presentation to thank the staff publicly for their support.

Towards the end of the afternoon an incident occurred which says something about relationships within the school. The year head had given presents to each of his colleagues who were class tutors, to the obvious pleasure of their students. In the tension of what was by now an emotionally charged event he left out one class tutor. At once two or three girls were on their feet: "Sir! Sir! You forgot Mr B! What about Mr B?!", with supportive noises from their classmates. The oversight was corrected to prolonged applause. What kind of a school is it where the students jump up, in front of their parents, the head teacher, and their contemporaries to correct what they see as a minor injustice against their teacher? It's the kind of school that the Inner London Education Authority made possible and the teachers and students made good.

Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
LET'S DO THIS OUTSIDE
WHY?
BETTER LIGHT.
OKAY.
YOU REALLY HAVEN'T TANNED COMPETITIVELY IN FIVE YEARS, ZONK?
THAT'S RIGHT, MIKE...
...AND BELIEVE ME, IT... UH... IT... UH...
IT HASN'T BEEN EASY!
IT HASN'T BEEN EASY! I KNEW IT, OKAY? I KNEW IT!
SUNNY DAYS LIKE THIS MUST BRING BACK LOTS OF MEMORIES.
YES, MIKE, THEY...
WHAT THE...?
BAM! BAM! BAM!
EXCUSE ME, IS THIS SET 3-B?
WHY DON'T WE CALL IT A DAY?
FINE WITH ME. I HATE WORKING IN COLOR ANYWAY.
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